LIKE A SMALL DEAD MAN WILLIAM EASTLAKE

THE NATION

JANUARY 1, 1968 35 cents

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Poisons and Cosmetics

Adventures in the Skin Trade

TONI STABILE

THE CHINESE SIDE OF THE LOOKING GLASS

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LETTERS

the hippies

Hackensack, N. J.
DEAR SIRS: The Hans Toch analysis of hippies ["Anatomy of a Hangup: Last Word on the Hippies," *The Nation*, Dec. 4] is excellent, as perceptive a word on the subject as has yet appeared. In some measure, you might say that the hippies are a creation of the news media. The best thing for them might be to be ignored.

One minor point: Will Herberg is not orthodox—either Christian or Jewish. He is an existential Conservative Jew who teaches in the graduate theological faculty of Methodist Drew University, which is nearly as ecumenical as you can get.

Belden Menkus

Lincoln University, Pa.
DEAR SIRS: Hans Toch's querulous article on the hippies is the "last word" on nothing but his own hangups, a pattern familiar to readers of recent efforts by hippie-baiters Al Capp and Steve Canyon. Relying exclusively on such sources as the *San Francisco Chronicle* and the *Atlantic Monthly*—he has apparently never met a hippie—Mr. Toch offers only an embarrassing caricature of misguided adolescents unable to deal with the puberty crisis. . . .Mr. Toch finally gives the game away in his indictment of the hippies as socially irresponsible, by which he means simply that they are not fighters against injustice. . . . That some Americans are seeking their souls—and being (if imperfectly) gentle, nonviolent and loving about it—calls for something more than supercilious prose.

David S. French

Tucson, Ariz.
DEAR SIRS: Professor Toch asks: What have the hippies contributed to society? The answer is that they have at least contributed a little color, a little gaiety and humor, a little greater sense of freedom, to our dreary, ugly and murderous industrial culture. . . . Have professors of psychology, with their salaries of $10,000 or $15,000 a year, contributed as much? Half as much? Anything at all?

Edward Abbey

St. Louis, Mo.
DEAR SIRS: I found Hans Toch's article very enlightening and convincing and I am therefore somewhat pained that he uses me as a whipping boy for a point of view which I do not espouse. My comparison of the hippies to saints and mystics, which he cites, was intended precisely to suggest that, like religious movements, hippiedom lives on an idealistic rhetoric which often does not bear close scrutiny. It was also meant to suggest that there are reactionary strains in the hippie ethos. Both of these are points which Professor Toch himself makes.

James Hitchcock

hear this

Hollywood, Calif.
DEAR SIRS: A medical authority attending a recent noise-abatement conference warned the youth of today that they face a total loss of hearing by the age of 40 if they persist in listening to highly amplified rock-and-roll music.

It is predicted that the youth will turn a deaf ear to the advice of their medical elders.

Harry Cimring

insult or violence?

New York City
DEAR SIRS: I wish to register a demurrer over one point in Laurence Grauman's otherwise rational article on the irra-

(*Continued on page 19*)

EDITORIALS

The Jungle Revisited

It was a charming gesture for President Johnson to invite Upton Sinclair to come to Washington to witness the signing of the Wholesome Meat Act. Now 89 years old, Mr. Sinclair lent his presence in a wheel chair, attended by a nurse, and by his daughter and son-in-law. It was also generous of Mr. Johnson to give credit to the journalists who exposed the filthy conditions in meat plants that the new law is designed to correct. To be sure, a critical observer might have taken some of the jubilation out of the occasion by noting that Mr. Sinclair had exposed conditions in the Chicago stockyards in 1906—when President Theodore Roosevelt likewise congratulated him on his achievement—yet for sixty years thereafter a large section of the American public had eaten tainted meat, just as if *The Jungle* had never been written.

We are glad to note (although it did not get mentioned in the stories) that among the reporters invited to the ceremony was Nick Kotz of the Cowles publications, who more than any other single journalist is responsible for the fact that we are finally protected by a first-rate federal meat inspection law. Mr. Kotz wrote in all some fifty pieces for his paper—the *Des Moines Register* and the *Minneapolis Tribune*—on the meat-inspection situation. The first appeared on July 16, when Kotz focused attention on some still secret reports of the Department of Agriculture. From there on the going was tough. The Administration was in favor of a non-bill—a weak measure that would serve to allay public uneasiness by providing some aid to those states that wanted to improve inspection, but without making it mandatory that they do so or imposing any other requirement upon them.

The break came on November 12, when Public Broadcasting Laboratory devoted the first of three programs to the need for nation-wide meat inspection. It was a graphic series which showed what broadcasting can accomplish when it fastens on a flagrant public abuse. In the week following, the three networks jumped into the act and from there on the prospect for an effective bill steadily improved.

In contrast, with the exception of the Cowles publications and a few others, the printed media were silent. The big circulation magazines—*Life, Look, Saturday Evening Post,* with space to fill every week or every other week—did not seem to realize that a vital issue was at stake. The indifference of the women's magazines was particularly deplorable. Most of these are monthlies, but they could have bestirred themselves to insert something on a subject so vital to housewives. Among the news weeklies, *Time's* first item on the subject was in its November 23 issue; at about the same time *Newsweek* ran a brief take-out. But the fact is that with the exception of an article by Ralph Nader in *The New Republic* and Nick Kotz's piece in *The Nation* ("Meat Inspection: The New Jungle," September 18) the magazines gave a minimum of help.

It is an instructive record if for no other reason than that it shows what a powerful instrumentality Public

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Broadcasting Laboratory can be if it elects in the future, as it did in this instance, to plunge into a crucial subject with such thoroughness and vigor that the rest of the industry is impelled to follow its lead. It is also instructive because it shows that even without active Administration backing, a major piece of consumer legislation can be pushed to enactment in a six-month period—something of a record—once attention is focused on the issue.

As for Mr. Kotz, he is a prime candidate for a Pulitzer Prize. The great muckraking journalists of another era, their work long since done but never finished, would find in him a worthy successor.

Stirrings in the Elephant Grass

While the year-end holidays are bringing very little interruption of the bombing and fighting in North and South Vietnam, certain undercurrents are making their way in the morass of diplomatic approaches seeking an end to the war. These soundings have been especially noticeable at the United Nations, although the "great Vietnam debate" in the Security Council, which had been requested in the Mansfield resolution, has failed to materialize.

The United States delegation was faced with the need to "add something new" to its unsuccessful attempt of January, 1966, to bring the question of Vietnam to the Council. An announcement of cessation of the bombings, recommended by an increasing number of UN member states in speeches before the General Assembly, would of course have provided a dramatic opening. Without it, members of the Security Council—at least the necessary number of them for a positive vote—are simply not willing to heed the U.S. Senate's call for a meeting of the Geneva Conference on Indo-China on American terms.

Ambassador Goldberg and President Johnson have resisted up to now the temptation to make political capital out of calling a meeting of the UN Security Council on Vietnam and being rebuffed. Instead, they have introduced a new element by letting it be known that they would not oppose—and might even welcome—an invitation from the Security Council to the National Liberation Front to attend the Council sessions, together with representatives of Saigon and Hanoi.

Washington has nothing to lose from such a formula. It is practically certain that Hanoi would refuse to come and that the NLF would follow suit. The responsibility for the failure of an attempt at discussion would, once more, be placed at their door. At the same time, there are signs that Washington, in contradiction to its own proclaimed doctrine, is experimenting with the idea that the Vietcong may not, after all, be entirely the creature of Hanoi, and that the war is more likely to end with a regrouping of political forces in the South than a surrender of the North under the bombings. President Johnson's suggestion of talks between Saigon and the Front, which seems to have come as a shock to General Thieu, seems a clear indication of this attempted shift.

A confirmation of these soundings is to be found not only in the reported arrest by Saigon authorities of NLF representatives on their way to meet American

IN THIS ISSUE

January 1, 1968

EDITORIALS

2

ARTICLES

6 Labor at Bal Harbour: Meany's Wooden Soldiers — *B. J. Widick*

8 Constantine and the Colonels: On the Eve of Civil War — *Roy C. Macridis*

11 Facts and Fallacies: Negro "Anti-Semitism" — *Gary T. Marx*

13 Like a Small Dead Man — *William Eastlake*

14 Some Cartoons of 1967

16 Poisons & Cosmetics: Adventures in the Skin Trade — *Toni Stabile*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

20 Cool, Courageous and an Excellent Shot — *Sean Cronin*

21 The Puzzleheaded Critics — *Frederick H. Gardner*

22 No Right To Be Wrong — *Edward T. Gargan*

22 The Steward (poem) — *David Ray*

24 Through China's Looking Glass — *C. P. FitzGerald*

26 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

28 Films — *Robert Hatch*

29 Art — *Max Kozloff*

30 Waters (poem) — *Donald Hall*

31 Crossword Puzzle — *Frank W. Lewis*

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officials but even more in the strident denunciations by the South Vietnamese observer at the UN of any invitation to, or contact with, the Front.

As to the Front itself, its actions are no less ambiguous, not to say ambivalent. First there was the inquiry to U Thant about the possibility for an NLF delegation to come to New York "to be around the United Nations." This was later denied by the NLF, but U Thant had predicted its denial, and his honesty is beyond question. (Besides, he would have no interest whatsoever in making up such a tale.) The story of the Vietcong's approach was also discounted by Communist and other countries friendly to the NLF, who claimed they had not been informed. The State Department, which had leaked the story, raised the technicality that this inquiry did not represent a request for a visa and countered with the possibility of a Security Council invitation. The whole incident was temporarily closed by an announcement from Saigon that it would not attend any meeting at which the Vietcong was represented as such.

Some weeks later, the Rumanian delegation (Foreign Minister Cornelius Manescu is President of the current session of the General Assembly) pulled the neat coup of having the NLF political program brought to the attention of the 123 UN members through a United Nations document, transmitted by the Secretary General at the Rumanians' request. The South Vietnamese observer screamed in outrage, while the U.S. delegation remained outwardly unconcerned. The USSR thought it strange and rather alarming that Rumania, which has left the Soviet orbit as far as international relations are concerned, had been chosen as an intermediary by the Vietcong. It was noted coincidentally that Averill Harriman had recently been in Bucharest.

Up to now, these signs do not appear to add up to anything, and leave observers puzzled. They may blow away with the next seasonal wind, the next escalation by the military, a rebuke from Hanoi. It is more likely, though, that feelers will increase with the coming of 1968, a year of soul searching and vote getting in the United States.

ANNE TUCKERMAN

Hearts and Minds in Vietnam

In the long annals of hypocrisy nothing can exceed, nothing can remotely equal, the pretense that we seek the allegiance of the ordinary people of Vietnam. No doubt we should be glad to have it, but as for doing anything to deserve it—either we don't care enough or we believe that if we win militarily the peasants will forget what we did to them in the course of winning. Among the few members of Congress who have shown some humanity in this matter are Rep. William F. Ryan, Sen. Thruston Morton and—especially—Sen. Edward M. Kennedy. The full story of the ordeal of civilians in North and South Vietnam has not been told, and probably never will be known in all its horror. That even part of the story has been revealed to the public is due largely to Senator Kennedy's efforts.

The civilian toll in North Vietnam is treated as a not entirely unwelcome accompaniment of the bombing. It may put additional pressure on Hanoi to come to the conference table for "productive" negotiations; in any case, can we help it if people live in the vicinity of the targets we find it expedient to bomb? In South Vietnam we face a more awkward problem. There we are the rulers, either directly or through the governments we have successively installed. There we have reporters, whose stories appear in leading newspapers and are inserted in the *Congressional Record*.

South Vietnamese civilians number some 14.5 million. Last May, Sen. Edward Kennedy, after visiting South Vietnam with staff members of the Senate subcommittee on Refugees and Escapees, concluded that civilian war casualties were running at the rate of about 100,000 a year. This was double the Administration estimate, which continued to circulate until last September, when a report from a group of doctors who toured South Vietnam with U.S. Government approval somewhat raised the 50,000 figure, but estimated that casualties would not run as high as 75,000 in 1967. The team recommended that American medical aid be increased from the current $58 million a year, which is slightly below the military cost to the U.S. per day. Now, in the *Congressional Record* (Senate, December 12, page 18454), Senator Kennedy says that "a more precise estimate" would be 150,000 civilian casualties a year. The figure of 24,000 civilian deaths a year, given out from Saigon appears to him too low.

"Because of the difficulty in getting the wounded to hospitals," Kennedy writes, "many civilian casualties die before treatment can be given. For example, there are virtually no burn cases reaching hospitals exceeding 20-percent bodily injuries, which indicates that the more severely burned die before treatment." Whether injuries are inflicted by the Vietcong, the South Vietnamese government army, or the Americans, it takes an injured civilian twenty-four to thirty-six hours to get to a hospital—if he gets there at all. "Is it any wonder," Kennedy asks, "that there are few serious burn cases reaching hospitals, or that serious head, chest, or artery injuries among civilians often result in death because of failure to obtain the emergency treatment required to save lives? Is it any wonder that the rate of amputations among South Vietnamese civilians . . . is high, far higher than the rate of United States and South Vietnamese military casualties?"

The contrast in this respect is instructive. If one accepts the figure of 24,000 civilian deaths in 1967, it will exceed by some 5,000 the total of American and South Vietnamese deaths in combat. For the military wounded there is at least the mitigating factor, such as it is, of prompt, expert medical attention. But the civilians die in sheds, in hospital corridors, or in the open countryside and, says Kennedy, not one of the provincial or major hospitals servicing civilians "meets even the barest minimum of sanitation or other support conditions necessary to carry out simple medical practices."

One version of the scriptural injunction appropriate to the season reads "Peace on earth to men of good will" —for they are the only ones who deserve it. By this criterion, what is our status in Vietnam, and how do we dare to celebrate Christmas?

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A Prevalence of Scapegoats

Of recent months there has been a new flurry of discussion about Negro anti-Semitism. The charge is stale, but each time it is raised it should be re-examined. On this occasion the discussion seems to have been precipitated by the statements of a few Negro militants who have expressed sympathy for the Arabs. Speaking recently in Los Angeles Jacques Torczyner, president of the Zionist Organization of America, charged that "anti-Semitism among Negroes is widespread, and it is up to the Negro leaders to stop it," and then went on to say that sympathy for the civil rights movement is "waning" among "rights-conscious Jews," many of whom are now "disillusioned." Of course there is anti-Semitism among Negroes; there always has been. But the question is, are Negroes any *more* anti-Semitic than whites? If they are not, then little point is served by focusing attention on *Negro* anti-Semitism (see article by Gary Marx, p. 11).

Writing in the *Los Angeles Times* from Jackson, Miss., Jack Nelson reports on the kind of anti-Semitism that should concern the entire nation, and it is *not* Negro anti-Semitism. The small Jewish community in Jackson, which dates from the pre-Civil War period, now "lives in terror, its rabbi under constant police protection." There have been at least three recent bombings, one of which shattered the residence of Rabbi Perry Nussbaum (there have been similar bombings lately in Florida).

Instead of Negro homes being bombed, the KKK element has now focused its attention on Jewish homes and the homes of non-Jewish whites, Judge Harold Cox included, who are held responsible for the convictions in the conspiracy case that arose out of the Neshoba County murder of three civil rights workers in 1964, two of whom were Jews, one a Negro. Jews, of course, are thought of as being partisans of civil rights and so they are, for the most part. But Rabbi Nussbaum says that not more than five of the 150 Jewish families in Jackson have promoted civil rights and that these have been just "moderately active." Mr. Nelson's conclusion—and it seems a sound one—is that "the Jewish community is finally feeling direct effects of what has long been a strong undercurrent of anti-Semitism in the rivers of racism that run through the state." It is this racism that should concern Jews and non-Jews; Negroes are so directly, and continuously, its victims that they do not need to be warned against it. Indeed it is worth noting, as Dr. Marx points out, that the more Negroes are actively involved in the civil rights movement, the more vigorous is their opposition to all forms of racism. There was never greater need than now for all partisans of civil rights—Negroes, non-Jews and Jews—to make common cause against those "rivers of racism."

Problem of Sanitation

Has America become dehumanized or has television, overwhelmingly preoccupied with entertainment fantasy and marketing propaganda, lost its power to communicate reality? The questions arise from the almost imperceptible audience reaction to a recent telecast of American soldiers piling human corpses like cordwood; dumping, hurling and airlifting, by helicopter and cargo net, the Vietnamese dead. The scene, on Walter Cronkite's C.B.S. evening news, was described by correspondent Robert Schakne as a problem of sanitation for U.S. troops. C.B.S. reported only a slight rise in the phone calls that evening; in an audience of millions, perhaps 100 protested the shocking scene. There was similar feebleness of response several months ago to a report from Don Webster, also on C.B.S., that American soldiers were cutting off the ears of the enemy dead for souvenirs.

The excellent reporting of such ghastly scenes is not telecast without great agonizing by responsible newsmen at the networks. Do such scenes accurately reflect American participation in the war? Do they aid the enemy? Are they anti-war propaganda? Does not any accurate reporting of war constitute anti-war propaganda? These are some of the questions TV newsmen ask themselves daily.

But when the scenes are shown, silence ensues. And this raises the more basic issues of whether the audience is morally numb or the medium is invalid (morally irrelevant by association). If these questions had commercial value, the networks and their patrons, the advertisers, would have had them researched to the point of uncovering the opinions of upper middle-class citizens of Hungarian extraction in New Brunswick, N.J. But the issue is purely one of social ethics, and that sells no soap.

James T. Aubrey, former president of the C.B.S. television network, once remarked to Fred W. Friendly, former news president of C.B.S.: "All I'm trying to do is save the company money." To which Mr. Friendly replied: "All I'm trying to do is save the company." If television would address itself to some of the problems raised by the news coverage of this war, it could perform a service more valuable than saving companies. It might help to save the nation.

McCarthy: Critic or Challenger?

The talk about Eugene McCarthy being in somewhat the same position as Henry Wallace in 1948 is journalism at its worst. The two situations could hardly be more different. McCarthy has carefully steered clear of the third-party trap. Wallace was doing pretty well as long as he confined his protests within the Democratic Party.

The cold war was just getting under way in 1948 and the people had no idea what they were letting themselves in for. The Vietnamese War, one of the offshoots of the cold war, is a bloody, execrable conflict supported by few and detested by many. It has split the Democratic Party far more seriously than it was split in 1948.

As soon as Wallace announced his third-party candidacy, the dead cats began to fly. McCarthy is immune to dead cats. His candidacy has been greeted respectfully, and it is hard to see how he can be manhandled. There may be an attempt to identify him with the lunatic fringe of the peace movement, but that is implausible on his record, and even on his physiognomy. The press and the politicians are leery about attacking the peace movement *per se*—it contains too many VIPs and is attracting more,

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and it already enjoys widespread if heterogeneous popular support.

But if McCarthy is spared the pitfalls that toppled Wallace, that is not to say that no other hazards loom in his path. In point of fact, he has not got off to a good start, in the sense that his candidacy has failed to take advantage of the opportunities the political situation offers. McCarthy's decision to enter the lists was in itself a good augury and just what was needed. It broke the ice. A challenge was finally offered and others may take it up. By all indications there will be favorite-son candidacies—Hartke in Indiana, Young in Ohio, perhaps Gov. Philip Hoff in Vermont, among other possibilities. But McCarthy's personal performance has been tepid.

His style may be good enough, although an occasional jab is always welcomed by the voters, but the content so far has been too diffuse and too mild. The people on whom he must count for the core of his support want the war stopped. McCarthy must come up with a realistic and credible program for stopping it. He may call for a cessation of bombing in the North, but that in itself is not enough: it might even result in a further escalation of the war, if "meaningful" negotiations did not result. Coupled with de-escalation in the South, it would be more promising, but a fairly comprehensive program must be offered—something perhaps on the order of the one proposed by Paul Martin, Canada's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Then there is the priorities issue—McCarthy can, if he will, do murderous execution on the guns-and-butter-fallacy, quoting Dr. Arthur Burns, for instance: "The resources that we devote to national defense are not available for making consumer goods or for adding to the stock of industrial equipment or for public uses in the sphere of education, health, or urban development." McCarthy can point out that Vietnam is not national defense at all, but a senseless aggression on the part of the U.S., based on the John Foster Dulles fantasy of extirpating communism the world over. McCarthy can slug away at the travesty of a government that we support in South Vietnam. The other day, General Shoup called the Vietnamese generals "that bunch of crooks"; it is an accurate characterization of them as a group, and the sort of language the voters understand.

In brief, McCarthy should broaden and intensify his attack on the war, and do it now.

The Capital Times

To William J. Evjue, editor-publisher, Miles McMillin, executive publisher, George Stephenson, executive editor, Harry D. Sage, associate editor, Cedric Parker, managing editor, Elliott Maraniss, city editor and the staff of *The Capital Times* of Madison, Wis., go *The Nation*'s congratulations on the paper's Golden Anniversary Edition and the occasion it celebrates. Mr. Evjue, who at 85 still presides over the paper he founded in 1917, would agree with Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., that "to live is to function. That is all there is in living."

With characteristic directness, he says that he founded the paper on a policy of public interest as against private interests. It was a good policy in 1917, it is a good policy in 1967. Few newspapers have more consistently, courageously and intelligently sought to protect the public interest. True to its progressive tradition, *The Capital Times* has just launched, in cooperation with the American Newspaper Guild, Local 64, a thirty-month apprentice training program for young reporters—as far as we know the only program of its kind to be sponsored by an American newspaper.

The residents of Madison are fortunate to be served by such an excellent paper. But they too are to be congratulated. For if it is true that newspapers get the support they deserve, it is also true that communities deserve the newspapers they support.

LABOR AT BAL HARBOUR

MEANY'S WOODEN SOLDIERS

B. J. WIDICK
Mr. Widick is the author of Labor To-day: The Triumphs and Failures of Unionism in the United States *(Houghton Mifflin). He teaches at Columbia and Wayne State Universities.*

Bal Harbour, Fla.

The most significant decision of the 1,200 delegates to the seventh convention of the AFL-CIO was to stand pat behind the dominant personality and policies of their president, George Meany—not giving an inch in concession to the program of Walter P. Reuther and the United Auto Workers for revitalizing the American trade union movement in many directions.

Little, if any, concern was shown for the probability that the UAW will go its own way, and the AFL-CIO thus lose its largest single union, 1.3 million members. War prosperity has raised many union enrollments; the Teachers Union and other white-collar unions are growing; total revenue of the trade unions in dues and assessments is more than three-quarters of a billion dollars annually. In this narrow context Meany could tell the delegates gathered in the plush Americana Hotel that "The trade union movement is a more vital, more vigorous and more effective force for progress today than ever before in its history." At a time of momentous social unrest in the nation the unions are increasingly isolated from most sections of society, and it is easy to understand why Reuther has declared that the federation has

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become the "comfortable, complacent, custodian of the *status quo*." There were only a dozen or so Negroes among the delegates; the leadership is mostly late middle age, and the top leadership at around the 70-year age level. To suggest that this institution is more dynamic than the industrial union movement of the 1930s is truly to live in one's own closed society.

The realities of American life did break through on occasion at Bal Harbour, to suggest the stormy days ahead. For 150 days, 60,000 copper miners have been on strike, and even with twenty-one unions directly involved, the AFL-CIO has been unable to put pressure on the Johnson Administration or on the industry to end this walkout with a victory. Coalition bargaining under the direction of the Steelworkers has left the industry unmoved. It has been allowed to raise copper prices, according to Joseph P. Molony, Steelworkers union official, by more than $400 a ton without a word of condemnation from the Administration. The unions accepted the idea of a fact-finding board; it was turned down by the industry.

The dilemma of the unions—and the strain in the alliance between George Meany and President Johnson—was revealed in the closing remarks of Molony: "Now some years ago, you will remember in a situation not unlike the one we find ourselves, President Truman, God bless him, did not flinch from seizing the steel industry, and running up the American flag over their plants and mines, although later on the Supreme Court overruled him. President Kennedy knew what to do when the steel industry attempted to gouge the nation by raising the price of steel by $5 a ton. And I remind you, not $400 a ton, and he brought the steel industry to its senses in a hurry." What did the unions get from President Johnson? A plea for wage restraint. The AFL-CIO unions here raised some $500,000 in contributions for the copper strikers, and the unions are paying out hundreds of thousands of dollars in strike benefits—the weakness is in failure of the White House to act, and nobody had the courage or the will to say so at this convention.

As a prelude to the 1968 steel industry negotiations involving more than 800,000 unionists, the copper strike situation is scarcely a happy omen. I. W. Abel, president of the Steelworkers, added to the tensions in his union when he proposed binding arbitration of unresolved issues in the forthcoming negotiations, and the union's executive board rejected it. In another year of inflation, skilled trades shortages and war tensions, unionism as usual on the collective bargaining front is headed for real trouble.

In contrast to a speech by A. Philip Randolph, praising the labor movement and denouncing Black Power as a modern form of demagogic "Garveyism," the delegates heard Roy Wilkins, executive director of the NAACP, give a detailed account of the failure of specific trade unions to open jobs for Negroes, and tell why the NAACP was suing both unions and management to break down the color bars. It was the kind of speech that AFL-CIO apologists used to denounce when made by Herbert Hill, labor secretary of the NAACP, but the evidence that labor is dragging its feet is now so overwhelming that Wilkins received no rebuttal. He said, "Indeed the 1960 census showed only 2,191 Negro apprentices in all the trades throughout the country. That figure was one more than had been recorded in the 1950 census ten years before." With some 250,000 apprentices in the nation, the efforts of the Workers Defense League in New York City have achieved very little.

President Meany told Wilkins he did not resent the report, and said that labor must meet the challenge; then he repeated the standard argument of the building trades: "However, you will not change conditions over-

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night. We keep trying. And in a good many organizations we have a problem of securing Negro boys as apprentices to take the test that these organizations prescribe and that they have prescribed for many years."

Since Dean Rusk received an ovation before and after his speech in defense of the war in Vietnam, it seemed unlikely that any kind of issue would be made at this convention about the war. But the unqualified endorsement of President Johnson's policies did bring an amendment from Charles Cogen, president of the Teachers Union, that the AFL-CIO take no position on the Vietnamese situation. Leon Davis of the Hospital workers union spoke briefly in behalf of that view, and a former Marine from World War II was allowed to read into the record the position adopted recently at the National Labor Leadership Assembly [see "Labor Meets for Peace" by B.J. Widick; *The Nation,* November 27]. Meany then said that the labor peace assembly was planned in Hanoi, and that the resolution it adopted had appeared in the *Daily Worker* two weeks earlier. From Detroit, Emil Mazey, secretary-treasurer of the UAW, denounced Meany's statement as "libelous and slanderous; the kind you'd expect from a senile old man," but no one placed Mazey's words in the record.

Unquestionably, the overwhelming majority of delegates agree with Meany, and the vote for his views was so enthusiastic that everyone knew President Johnson would make an appearance before this truly friendly crowd, to begin his campaign for re-election and to seek support of the war. The President's appearance did excite the delegates, and there is no question but that the labor leaders and the President are in harmony on the war and the election. Only when Mr. Johnson talked about wage restraint was there lack of applause. Otherwise, this convention gave President Johnson a warmer reception than he is likely to get anywhere else in the nation.

The unanswered question, however, is how much influence will the trade union leadership have in 1968? By its own admission, labor is in trouble politically. The official report of the AFL-CIO council pointed out that "Labor can never account for more than a minority of votes. In a close situation it can provide the margin of victory. In a situation such as in 1966, we can take satisfaction in having prevented a worse disaster."

Here are some of the problems.

"Our 1966 post-election poll of union members revealed that even then, 25 per cent of all union members were less than 30 years old, and nearly 50 per cent were less than 40 years old. Twenty-five per cent had belonged to a union for five years or less, and 46 per cent had been union members for ten years or less.

"As new voters and new union members, these young people have no memory of Roosevelt, the depression or World War II. They have no memory of hard times or of union battles fought and won from which they are reaping the benefits."

The political report outlines three factors which will make 1968 more difficult for labor than 1966.

"(*1*) Unless there is a dramatic change in the situation in Vietnam, our military involvement will continue as a disturbing and divisive issue.

"(*2*) Public hostility toward legitimate civil rights progress will almost certainly stiffen as a result of urban violence. Slowing or discontinuing such progress can only increase the desperation and alienation of impoverished minorities.

"(*3*) In the big-population states, where there are decisive blocs of electoral votes, important state-wide elections and a considerable number of close House races, there is a good deal of lethargy and factionalism."

According to a study made by some labor observers, the political action policy of the trade unions contains another painful dilemma. Most "hawks" in Congress have an anti-union voting record, and most "doves" have a strong pro-union record. Which comes first in deciding labor support—the war or social progress?

CONSTANTINE AND THE COLONELS

ON THE EVE OF CIVIL WAR

ROY C. MACRIDIS
Mr. Macridis is Walter Jaffee Professor of Politics at Brandeis University and co-author of Modern Political Systems *(Prentice-Hall) and* The De Gaulle Republic: Quest for Unity *(Dorsey).*

The French call it a *coup de théâtre* and if the situation in Greece today were not so desperate and tragic, the news of the "captive" King liberating himself from the tight grasp of the military junta and arriving in Rome with his immediate family, including the all-powerful Queen Mother Frederika, would bring smiles of recognition to a people used to Aristophanes. The ensuing difficulties of our State Department with regard to recognition of the junta minus the King can only compound this amusement. Our representatives and policy makers are "observing closely" the situation, but remain particularly anxious to maintain the integrity of our NATO flank against the unseen and imaginary enemy. The fact that the junta acceded to Cyrus Vance's efforts and agreed to withdraw Greek troops to mollify the Turks—this great diplomatic triumph of President Johnson that only maintains a precarious *status quo*—has not been sufficiently connected with the United States attitude toward the junta. At what price did the junta make the concession? What has the United States promised?

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The King's departure is only the prologue to the long drama that lies ahead. It is the result of nothing but a struggle for power between throne and military. There was no conflict of ideas about government, the constitution or democracy. The King was not a "captive" nor was he eager for a return to the constitutional monarchy that he himself had repeatedly subverted. He had had a number of opportunities to oppose and disavow the junta, far more opportune than the one he chose. He decided to flee because he was losing in the power struggle to the colonels, who efficiently and quietly purged the state apparatus and the army of "royalists" and "democrats" and established a tight control over the country. By remaining in Athens, the King had nothing to lose but his power. By leaving, he hopes to regain both throne and power. Military dictators have the habit of coming and going in Greece, but the kings have always returned. The myth of the captive King who fought for democracy will help Constantine pave his way back, even make it possible for him and the junta to divide the spoils that the country represents for both of them.

But events may move so fast in the coming months as to make this difficult if not impossible. The thousands of political prisoners, the democratic and left-wing forces, including the Communists, are likely to take a hand in Greece's future. They are already beginning the painful struggle for freedom, and the King's departure is an episode that may help them. With Constantine in Rome, the last shred of legitimacy associated with the present regime has vanished, and its tyranny stands naked. In a clandestine pamphlet that has been sent to me, a resistance group entitled Democratic Defense rallies the citizens: "Greek patriots, champions of democracy, join forces with us in the struggle against the Fascist junta. Save our country from dishonor and help us reconstruct democracy in the country where its torch was lit." The new civil war has already begun.

The junta took over on April 21 to forestall the elections, and set about at once to consolidate itself. It dissolved every organization with the exception of the Greek Orthodox Church. Athletic associations, political groups and parties, philanthropic organizations, all elected local and departmental councils, have been set aside. At the same time it has prohibited the formation of new groups without prior consent of the government, and has made the participation of a government delegate mandatory. There can be no meetings of more than four persons; and two political leaders, one from the Center and one from the Right, have received sentences of three to five years for permitting small gatherings in their homes. Even the traditional christening ceremony will bring heavy penalties unless notice is given in advance and a member of the police or the gendarmerie attends. The new tyrants, without having read Thomas Hobbes, remember that associations and groups are "living worms in the entrails of a man."

Where can an atomized society get information? The press and radio are entirely controlled by the government, and listening to foreign broadcasts is prohibited. Owners of short-wave radios are told to register them with the police, only to have their sets confiscated. Newsreels and movies cannot be shown without authorization. But information can also be carried by word of mouth. Many Greeks have had their telephones removed. Every householder is required to inform the police of any house guest, and in the small villages—more than 65 per cent of the Greeks live in villages of less than 1,500 inhabitants—news of who talks to whom and for how long reaches the police quickly. Thus every individual begins to fear his friend and neighbor and keeps his mouth shut.

The second instrumentality of tyranny is intimidation. It has taken every conceivable form. Mass arrests in which more than 15,000 persons were taken away from their homes and families, to be sent to five barren islands, was the first major effort to cow the population into submission. The great part of these prisoners have been released, but only after they signed appropriate pledges not to indulge in politics and to make their whereabouts known to the police. A second practice is far more pervasive. At the slightest provocation a person is arrested and kept in jail for two or three days. He is subsequently released, but his associates assume that he has "talked" and they avoid him; while he, fearing that he may again be subjected to arrest, avoids them. Courts-martial are busy meting out sentences that range from two to five years to all who utter words derogatory to the government, the Monarchy (and presumably now the Regent), or the Church. Since April, more than 40,000 Greeks have been jailed or sentenced to imprisonment. For those who have been caught organizing resistance or conspiring to use force, the sentences are much more severe, and in some cases even the formality of the military tribunal is dispensed with. The "guilty" are simply rounded up and are seen no more.

The atomization of the society and its intimidation are not enough. A silent and indifferent citizen is suspect. The regime has organized a vast program of political re-education and reactivation. Church attendance is obligatory; participation in national ceremonies is mandatory. Whenever the prime minister, the members of the military council, and until December 14 the King or any government official appears, everybody is ordered to be present. The army, the police and the gendarmerie provide transportation and require the display of the flag. To abstain or even to show insufficient enthusiasm is to be suspect, and it is a brave man who will let retribution for his own defiance fall upon his family.

The Greek army, under the very eyes of the American Military Mission and the responsible NATO officers, has become an instrument of coercion. As a result, its character is changing. The first criterion for the officer corps is loyalty to the junta. Officers who have expressed democratic sentiments or who were closely attached to the King have been purged. More than 30 per cent of the officer corps has been placed on the retirement list, and the elimination continues.

As in the years of the Nazi occupation, the Greeks are now faced with the inescapable choice of submitting or resisting. But the situation is far worse today. In the years of the Nazi terror, hope of rescue by the great democracy across the Atlantic, by the tenacious and brave British armies, even by the Soviet Union as its army

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moved into central Europe, spurred the efforts of resistance. Today the NATO allies and the United States representatives in Athens witness the consolidation of the regime in silence. However "reluctantly," the United States has accepted the present regime. In the eyes of many Greeks, we are accomplices. Military aid has not ceased; the tourists continue to seek the sun; private American firms make lucrative investments and the Department of State and the White House have not issued a single statement explicitly disavowing the junta. Efforts made by Denmark, Sweden and the Swiss Red Cross are only tokens of sympathy and understanding.

"Those who believed that the Greek people would ever show the cowardice to submit to the predicament prepared by a clique of Greek and foreign tyrants will be disappointed." That is the opening statement of the Democratic Defense pamphlet quoted above. Already gunfire is being heard at night in the cities, and many villagers are beginning to take to the hills. Their task seems impossible, but as the tyranny is consolidated, many more will follow. And if the international situation were to deteriorate, if Greece's northern neighbors were to change the strict neutrality they now maintain, if there were a renewed conflict over Cyprus, pitting Turks against Greeks, or if tensions between the United States and the Soviet Union over the Vietnamese question or the Arab-Israeli conflict were to take a turn for the worse, the maquis would grow. Passive disobedience in the cities—used so successfully against the Germans—is being organized.

For eight months, our State Department, the White House, our ambassador, have shown a wooden indifference to the establishment of military tyranny in a country that is a member of NATO, to which the Truman Doctrine had pledged freedom and democracy, in which our military mission trained and organized the army, and where our Central Intelligence Agency has its headquarters for the whole Middle East. No sophisticated Greek—and politically speaking, this means every Greek—will ever believe that we were powerless to prevent what happened, or that once the military junta took over, the United States could not bring pressure upon them to mitigate quickly the harshness of their rule. And every Greek, rightly or wrongly, will conclude that we have a share in what is happening now. The dream that sustained Greece in the years of the German terror and occupation is now replaced by the incongruous sight of American officers and representatives giving their moral and material support to tyranny at the very time when the stirrings of freedom are spreading throughout Eastern Europe and as far west as Spain.

Yet the future of the country, its hope for economic recovery and reconstruction, its diplomatic relations with the European community and its northern neighbors, its internal stability, based upon a broad democratic centrist formation led by the Papandreous and supported by the

Franklin, Toronto Star

"Relax, Mr. Prime Minister, You're Safe Now"

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Left, were bright until the colonels, with the complicity of the King, struck it down. The liberal leaders, including Andreas Papandreou, together with his many American-trained associates, are now in jail or in exile. Greece represents for our present policy makers a parcel of our military real estate and anyone who casts the slightest doubt upon our claim of control—as the Papandreous did—was not to be tolerated. Yet we should be learning from Vietnam, as the French learned there and in Algeria, how ephemeral is military ownership and how expensive to maintain. Let us hope that the Greek people will not have to teach us that lesson again.

FACTS AND FALLACIES

NEGRO 'ANTI-SEMITISM'

GARY T. MARX

Mr. Marx is an assistant professor in the Department of Social Relations, Harvard, and an associate at the M.I.T.-Harvard Joint Center for Urban Studies. He is the author of Protest and Prejudice *(Harper & Row).*

> *He is a benefactor for our people. I have always felt friendly toward a Jew. There is a distinct difference between a Jew and a white man and I hate a white man.*
> Foundry worker, Pittsburgh
>
> *The white landlord who is not Jewish is better. Well, the Jew landlord he'll put you in this apartment and you'd pay an arm or a leg and it isn't worth it. The apartment is raggedy. There are rats in them. They are falling down, shabby. They won't fix anything. They won't repair. All they want is their money. He may have ten or twelve houses and all he's doing is sitting down collecting his money and rubbing his bald head.*
> Housewife, New York
>
> *The Jews understand colored better because they have been through some of the same kind of discrimination. They have more heart. They are more in sympathy with our people's problems.*
> Laundry worker, Chicago

In an age of social science research, much of which has been concerned with problems arising out of the multi-ethnic nature of American society, it is unfortunate that recent discussions of supposed Negro anti-Semitism have generally taken place without reference to empirical research. However, it is something more than unfortunate when statements such as one by James Baldwin that ". . . of all white people on the face of the earth it is the Jew whom the Negro hates the most," or by Saul Alinsky that there "is no other group in which there is such rampant anti-Semitic feelings as among Negroes," lead to demands by some Jewish leaders for the withdrawal of Jewish support from the civil rights struggle.

The Survey Research Center of the University of California, under the sponsorship of the Anti-Defamation League, is completing its five-year study of the intergroup attitudes of Americans. One phase of this project concerns Negro attitudes toward Jews and toward whites in general.

Samples taken to be representative of the black population were compiled in New York City, Chicago, Atlanta and Birmingham. A national sample of Negroes living in non-Southern urban areas was also prepared. In all, more than 1,100 people were questioned by Negro interviewers who spent approximately an hour and a half to determine each person's opinion on a wide range of contemporary issues, including the civil rights struggle and the Jews.

Not surprisingly, the negative items referring to Jews which received the most acceptance dealt with economic behavior. For example, roughly six out of ten people said "true" to the statement: "Jews are more willing than others to use shady practices to get what they want." Somewhat less acceptance was granted to statements about Jewish clannishness; thus, roughly four out of ten of those questioned said "true" to the statement that "Jews stick together too much." Much less acceptance was granted to traditional conspiratorial items. Only about one person in ten felt that Jews had too much power in the United States. The above items along with six others were combined into an index of anti-Semitism. Among those in three groups, the nation-wide metropolitan area sample, New York and Chicago, three in ten respondents were considered to be anti-Semitic (giving anti-Semitic responses to five or more of the nine index items), while a like proportion was considered to be not anti-Semitic (rejecting eight or all nine of the anti-Semitic index items). In the South less than one in five scored as anti-Semitic, while four out of ten gave little or no evidence of anti-Jewish sentiment.

Ever since James Baldwin wrote a few years ago, "but just as society must have a scapegoat, so hatred must have a symbol. Georgia has the Negro and Harlem has the Jews," most discussions of Negro anti-Semitism have made at least some implicit reference to a scapegoat theory. It is suggested that, as a particularly vulnerable and accessible white group, Jews are somehow singled out and become the recipients of disproportionate Negro hostility. Our data offer almost no support for such an interpretation. For most of those interviewed attitudes toward Jews were roughly comparable to attitudes toward whites in general. Only about one person in twenty-five who scored as anti-Semitic expressed little or no hostility toward whites in general. When those questioned were asked to compare Jewish whites with non-Jewish whites as landlords, merchants and employers, the scapegoat pattern also failed to emerge. Just as the majority of whites fail to distinguish between Negro Protestants and Catholics, a majority of those in the present study dismiss

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merchants, employers and landlords with the phrase, as one man put it, "white folks is jes white folks."

For example, in response to the question, "Compared to other white store owners do you think Jewish store owners are better, worse or about the same?" roughly seven out of ten said "about the same," and those who saw a difference were somewhat more likely to think Jews were better than other whites. When asked, "Do you think it is better to work for a Jewish person or for a white person who is not Jewish?" about half the sample responded the "same." However, those who expressed a preference were much more likely to think Jews were better to work for. For example, in New York City 39 per cent felt it better to work for a Jew as against 15 per cent who felt it better to work for a white person who is not Jewish. Even a question about landlords elicited a similar pattern.

Furthermore, these data are consistent with six out of seven studies made in the past twenty years. And two recent studies on riot cities find that Jewish merchants did not seem to be singled out for attack. A report on Philadelphia states "not a single eyewitness to the riot recalls the mobs shouting anti-Semitic slogans, although anti-white epithets abounded." And although a large number of Jewish-owned businesses were destroyed in southwest Los Angeles during the summer of 1965, a UCLA study reports that when Watts residents were asked who were the targets of attack, only 5 per cent mentioned Jews.

Negro anti-Semitism also may be put in perspective by comparing it to the anti-Semitism of whites. Given the added element of prejudice against all whites and the involvement of Jews in the economic life of many ghettos, it might be anticipated that anti-Semitism would be somewhat higher among Negroes than among whites. This generally was not the case. Negroes were more likely than whites to accept negative economic stereotypes about Jews, although when level of education was taken into account these differences were reduced. On other negative stereotypes, such as that Jews stick together too much, the percentage giving the anti-Semitic response was about the same, regardless of race. On still others, such as thinking that Jews have too much power, Negroes were less likely to appear anti-Semitic. And on matters not involving stereotypes, Negroes consistently emerged as less anti-Semitic. Compared with whites they more frequently opposed passage of a law to stop further Jewish immigration, more frequently said they would vote against a Congressional candidate who declared himself against the Jews, more frequently said that they would not mind if their party nominated a Jew for President. In addition, Negroes expressed greater opposition to occupational and social club discrimination against Jews than did whites. Apparently their position as a persecuted minority leads black Americans to reject discriminatory behavior against other minorities as well, even if it does not always lead to the rejection of negative stereotypes. This is a significant factor for political expressions of anti-Semitism.

While attitudes toward Jews were roughly comparable to attitudes toward whites in general, there was still enough variance in this relationship to require consideration of certain special features which tend to make the Negro-Jewish relationship unique. Our study was concerned with two such factors, the first dealing with economic factors and the second with the fact that Jews are themselves a minority group and one relatively more supportive of Negro rights than the society as a whole.

The extent of Jewish involvement in ghetto economic life has no doubt been exaggerated, particularly if New York City be excluded, but the fact remains that for certain historical reasons Jews are conspicuous in the economic processes of many urban ghettos. Almost seven out of ten respondents report that some of the stores they now shop at are owned by Jews. About three out of four respondents outside the South, and two out of four Southerners report that they have worked for a Jew in the past or are working for one now. While such data cannot be relied upon to measure exactly the extent of Negro-Jewish contact, because of the problems of subjective perception, they are still highly suggestive.

Our study observed three economic measures: extent of impersonal economic contact with Jews; perceived mistreatment at the hands of a Jewish merchant and several beliefs about the credit practices of Jews relative to those of other whites. When these factors were combined into an index of "predisposition to economically based anti-Semitism," the powerful role of economic factors in generating hostility toward Jews could be noted. The percentage scoring as anti-Semitic increased from a low of only 10 per cent among those lowest in this predisposition to a high of 70 per cent among those highest on this measure. Negro anti-Semitism, unlike that of whites, has some very concrete economic sources.

An important set of factors helping to explain why anti-Semitism is not more evident among Negroes related to Jewish minority group experience. A shared minority consciousness seemed to exist for many of those questioned. More than five out of ten felt that Jews were currently discriminated against in the United States and many were aware that Jews had suffered in the past. Many of those interviewed also recognized Jewish efforts on behalf of civil rights. For example, in response to the question, "On the whole, do you think Jews are more in favor of civil rights for Negroes than other white people, less in favor, or is there no difference?" more than four out of ten felt Jews to be more in favor of Negroes' rights, and only about three in 100 felt Jews to be less in favor. Similarly about seven out of ten of those interviewed felt that the record of Jews was better than that of other whites when it comes to hiring Negroes. When these factors are combined into an index, and observed in relation to the index of anti-Semitism, they have a powerful effect on the curtailment of anti-Jewish sentiment.

It has been suggested by some that the Muslims, with their plea for economic self-sufficiency, criticisms of Jewish involvement in the civil rights struggle, and occasional involvement with the Arab world are an important source of anti-Semitism. The 4 per cent of the sample in sympathy with the Muslims were much more apt to be both anti-Semitic and anti-white than the other Negroes studied. However, with respect to the remaining 96 per cent of the sample, the surprising finding emerged

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that as civil rights militancy increased, tolerance also increased. In addition, those in civil rights organizations were less anti-Semitic and anti-white than those not in such organizations. This does not deny that on occasion particular civil rights groups have taken anti-Semitic positions, as events in the latter part of 1967 made painfully clear, nor that at community levels there may not be factors conducive to conflict between Negroes and Jews. However, in considering the orientation of individuals, not only were the social and psychological factors which made for militance in most cases the same as those which made for tolerance but there is an ideological link between the two. Many of those interviewed seemed to realize the inconsistency in attacking white racism from the perspective of the black racist. This finding suggests the possibility that in order to increase attitudes of tolerance among Negroes one might work to increase activity in the area of civil rights.

LIKE A SMALL DEAD MAN

WILLIAM EASTLAKE

Mr. Eastlake, author among other books of The Bronc People *(Harcourt, Brace) and* Castle Keep *(Simon & Schuster), has recently returned from his second trip to Southeast Asia.*

The very young soldier got off the plane at Saigon and walked straight for the propeller of another plane. Before he hit the prop a sergeant in a green beret grabbed him and turned him around.

A correspondent who was on the plane with the soldier saw this and he saw the soldier again on the other side of the baggage room. The soldier was lying dead in the dirt; that is, his body was in the awkward thrown-down angles of the dead, but when the correspondent sat down on an oil drum alongside him the soldier smiled up gently. The soldier was quite alive.

"They are all dead," the soldier said. "Everyone I knew is dead. My whole platoon."

The correspondent did not say anything. He just sat there above the soldier, guarding him in the dust.

"Ambushed," the soldier said. "The bushes were jumping." The soldier spoke out of a child face that was splattered with blood. "Water."

The correspondent passed down his canteen and the young soldier drank, holding it with both hands. When the soldier surrendered the canteen he said, "I'm not going back up."

The correspondent dribbled some water from the green camouflaged canteen on the soldier's face, then wiped off the blood.

"I wouldn't know anyone," the soldier explained carefully. "I don't know anyone in the world."

When the correspondent had finished with the face he told the soldier he looked now all clean like a Saigon Warrior or a Remington Raider. The soldier smiled because these were the names for the rear echelon troops, those who played the typing machines.

A military policeman came up now and stood over them, big in the dust.

"You better get rid of him," the military policeman said. "We're supposed to pick them up." Then the military policeman walked over alongside the terminal hut and got a Pepsi.

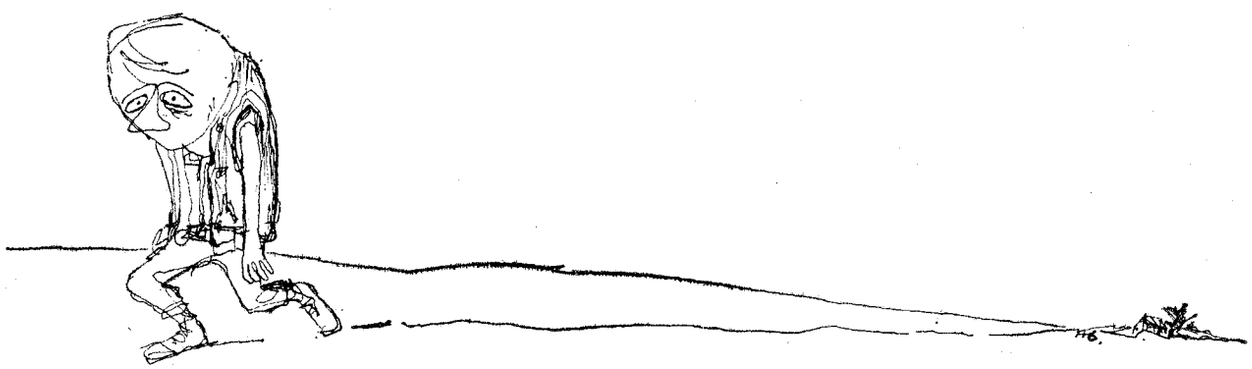
"Get on the army bus marked Brinks," the correspondent told the stricken soldier still in the dust. "It will let you off near the Continental and the Caravelle Hotels. Do not go to either of these. They are snobbish and expensive and do not permit women in the rooms. Make it down Tu Du Street to the Catinet; it's run by a Chinaman."

The correspondent helped the boy soldier plop upright and got him on the army bus that said Brinks. The boy stood on the step of the bus and said, "I don't know anyone."

"You know me."

The boy took the correspondent's hand and shook it, then turned into the interior of the bus and said, "I don't know a single person."

The correspondent sat down on the oil drum and watched the bus move off. The bus looked like a very large military hearse except that the windows were barred with a heavy screen so that the enemy could not toss in bombs. The boy sat in the front of the bus stiffly, as though leading the others somewhere, but he looked old now, rigid like a small dead man.



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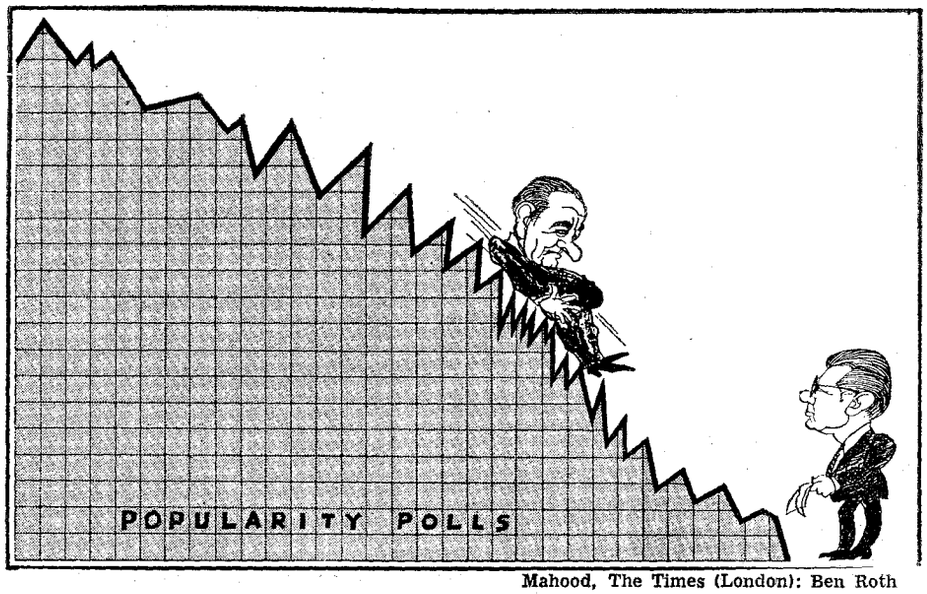
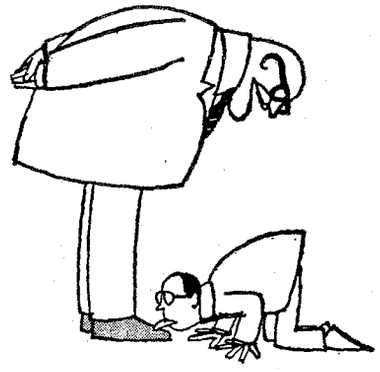
Some Cartoons of 1967



Mahood, The Times (London): Ben Roth

'It Hurts Most When I'm Sliding"

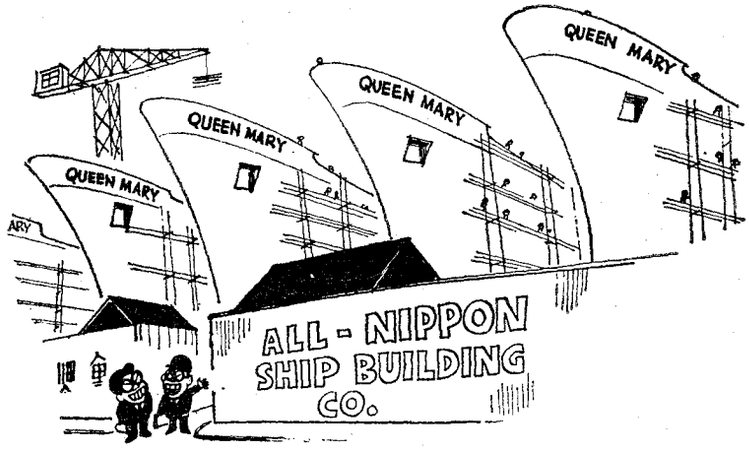


Punch: Ben Roth

"Careful, Millingworth —They're Suede"

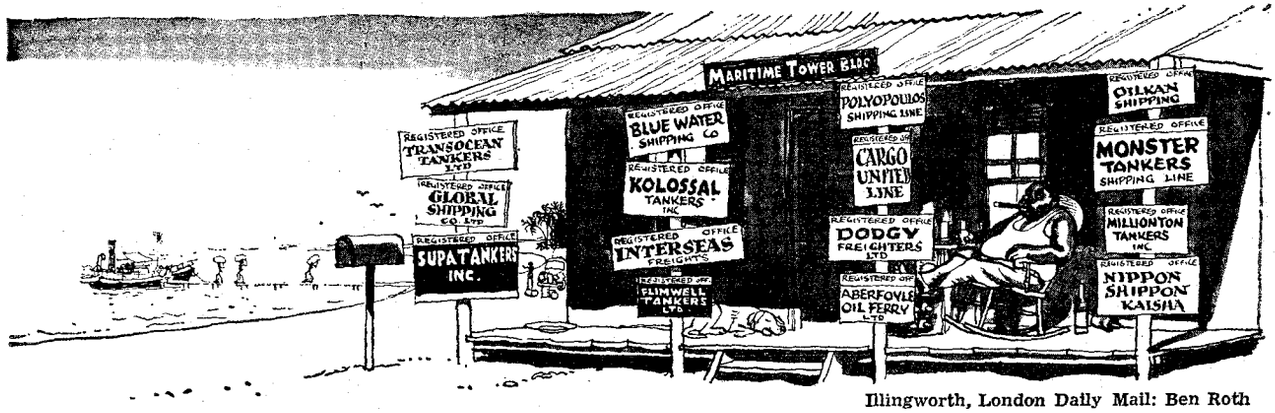
Beaton, Toronto Telegram: Ben Roth

"Waiter! There's a Beastly Mao Thought in my Fortune Cookie"



Waite, The Sun (London): Ben Roth

"There Seems To Be Quite a Demand for Them"


MARITIME TOWER BLDG
REGISTERED OFFICE TRANSOCEAN TANKERS LTD
REGISTERED OFFICE GLOBAL SHIPPING CO. LTD
REGISTERED OFFICE SUPA TANKERS INC.
REGISTERED OFFICE BLUE WATER SHIPPING CO
REGISTERED OFFICE KOLOSSAL TANKERS INC
REGISTERED OFFICE INTERSEAS FREIGHTS
REGISTERED OFFICE SLIMWELL TANKERS LTD
REGISTERED OFFICE POLYOPOULOS SHIPPING LINE
REGISTERED OFFICE CARGO UNITED LINE
REGISTERED OFFICE DODGY FREIGHTERS LTD
REGISTERED OFFICE ABERFOYLE OIL FERRY LTD
REGISTERED OFFICE OILKAN SHIPPING
REGISTERED OFFICE MONSTER TANKERS SHIPPING LINE
REGISTERED OFFICE MILLIONTON TANKERS INC
REGISTERED OFFICE NIPPON SHIPPON KAISHA

Illingworth, London Daily Mail: Ben Roth

Librarians Never, Never, Never Shall Be Slaves

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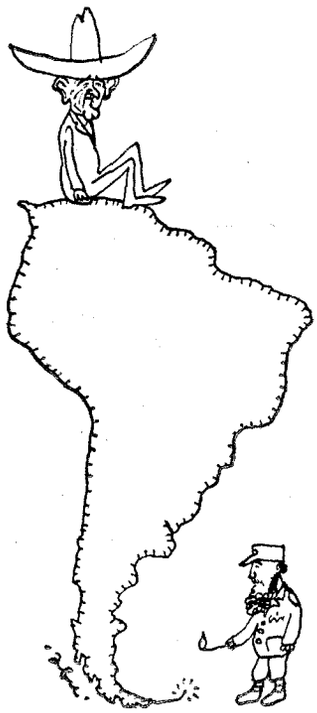
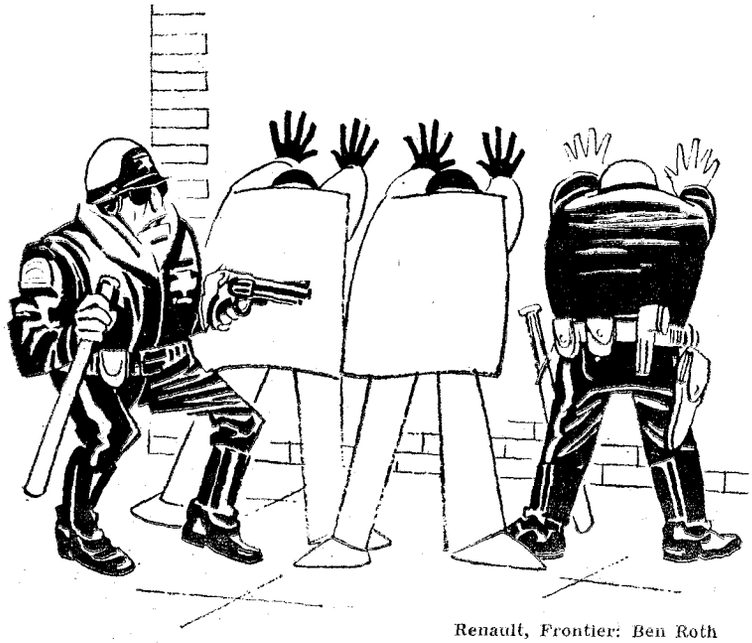


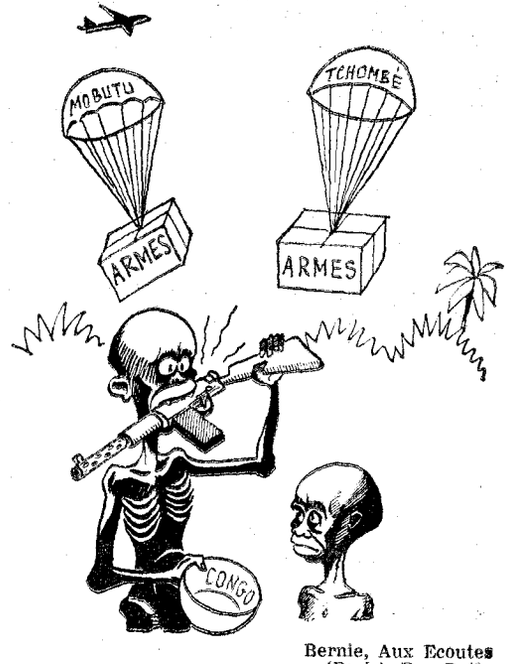
Abu, Tribune (London): Ben Roth

Macpherson, Toronto Star



Renault, Frontier: Ben Roth

"Not You, Harris!"



Bernie, Aux Ecoutes (Paris): Ben Roth

Nothing Else To Eat!

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ADVENTURES IN THE SKIN TRADE

TONI STABILE
Miss Stabile is the author of Cosmetics: Trick or Treat? *(Hawthorn Books).*

Last year, sales of cosmetics, excluding soap, passed the $3-billion mark. In addition, Americans spent about $4.5 billion in beauty shops for cosmetic services. Yet, although sales have quadrupled in the past twenty years, cosmetics are likely to be dismissed as frivolous and relatively unimportant by the general public, as they were dismissed by Congress in 1900 when cosmetic controls were proposed as part of the Pure Food and Drug Act.

At the turn of the century, it was popularly thought (often correctly) that cosmetics were a mess of goo usually concocted in bathtubs and sheds by a few ladies for the painted ladies on and off the stage. Even The Toilet Goods Association, the industry's representative and historian, has records of cosmetic sales only back to 1914 when they totaled less than $40 million a year.

Cosmetics were not acknowledged by Congress until 1938, when, after horrendous blinding, injury, and death from poisonous beauty aids, the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act was passed and found, almost immediately, to be as toothless as a cosmetic police dog. In the Act, Americans were told that "cosmetics" were not only powder and paint but were now officially defined as: "(1) articles intended to be rubbed, poured, sprinkled, or sprayed on, introduced into, or otherwise applied to the human body or any part thereof for cleansing, beautifying, promoting attractiveness, or altering the appearance; and (2) articles intended for use as a component of any such articles; except that such term shall not include soap."

Thus thousands of products for the entire family, from baby oil and talc to toothpaste and shampoo, to deodorants and shave cream, to nail polish and hair spray were classified as cosmetics. And despite the fact that many of these grooming items have become as much a part of the family shopping list as salt and aspirin, as "cosmetics" they escape the more stringent controls provided for foods and drugs. Cosmetics are marketed without required testing of any kind, without revealing or listing ingredients (even when a product contains ingredients known to be injurious), without warning of possible danger from caustic or toxic substances (although 1,700 children were poisoned from swallowing cosmetics in one year), and without disclosing or identifying such potential hazards, even after a product is proved to have caused widespread injury. Only when a cosmetic sold in interstate commerce has been found to be mislabeled or injurious can the Food and Drug Administration seize a shipment of the product and administer an ineffectual after-the-fact slap.

Compounding the anything-goes-until-and-if-caught climate of the cosmetic business is the consumer's touching faith in modern science, which has prompted many in the industry to add "scientific" or "miracle" ingredients to their products. The heralded "special" ingredients possess the authentically miraculous power of swelling a nickel's worth of cream into a $20-an-ounce promise, or a penny's worth of water and alcohol into a $5 bargain in hope. The consumer is shielded from the disillusioning knowledge that many an exotic "miracle" ingredient is some other industry's waste product, and that insufficiently tested it may add more risk than benefit to the cosmetic.

With the rules of the game so heavily favoring the industry, it is little wonder that cosmetic companies are being sniffed out by bigger, unrelated business complexes. Once ignored, cosmetic stocks have now become glamour offerings on Wall Street. Increasingly, news of cosmetic companies has moved from the women's pages to the financial pages.

Cosmetic companies have been absorbed into larger companies so often during the past few years that a relative handful of the popularly known cosmetic-specializing companies still retain their independent status. Many, if not most, are primarily distributors, buying their products from so-called "private-label" manufacturers who produce cosmetics in quantity for any company that wants to sell under its own label. Often one manufacturer supplies lipsticks or eye make-up to hundreds of companies which then distribute them throughout the country, from variety-store counters to exclusive specialty shops, at prices that may range from 29c to $5. It is not uncommon to find that the lipstick or eye shadow in the tubes selling for 29c, $1, $2.50 and $5 are basically the same products from the same manufacturer.

The disappearance of small companies into large corporations has somewhat disturbed the industry. Stephen L. Mayham, honorary president of The Toilet Goods Association, regrets the replacement of the "great personalities" who were largely responsible for creating the American cosmetic industry by faceless corporate structures. Mr. Mayham, who served as the TGA's executive vice president and whip for almost twenty-five years, told a meeting of Cosmetic Career Women that the personalities "have given way to people who know how to buy and sell securities and who make themselves wealthy without learning anything much about the business in which they are really engaged." He also expressed uneasiness about certain "elements" that appear to have been attracted to the cosmetic industry, elements he described as having "no place in this business and—in some instances—in any business at all."

However, it cannot be said that the cream and lotion trade has waited shyly to be courted. In recent years, the once reticent industry has become noticeably bolder in its wooing of Wall Street. An executive from Revlon, a company not noted for loquacity, was quoted by *Drug Trade News* as telling a recent meeting of the New York Society of Security Analysts that the cosmetic industry is anything but speculative. He urged the financial community "to broaden its interest in the cosmetics field for the mutual benefit of both groups," explaining that " 'without a full understanding of what cosmetics mean

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in a woman's life, no true understanding of the financial ramifications of our industry is really possible.' "

The executive also described the situation as a "three billion dollar misunderstanding" and defined the current status of cosmetics as that of "necessary luxuries."

Note that in addressing a predominately male audience the male cosmetic executive stressed the "meaning" of cosmetics in a *woman's* life without pointing to the parallel "meaning" of cosmetics in a *man's* life. Ask any man what he thinks about cosmetics, and you'll most likely get a shrug. Mention that he uses cosmetics every time he brushes his teeth with toothpaste, uses shampoo to wash his hair, shaves with shaving cream, splashes an after-shave lotion on his face, uses a deodorant or a sun-tan lotion, or a hair-grooming product, or a foot powder . . . and you will probably get the reply that none of these is a cosmetic and that it is somebody's self-serving plot to call them so.

Manufacturers and sellers do indeed side-step the term "cosmetics" even when promoting the new face "bronzers" or colored face make-up for men, but though a copywriter may call the hundreds of grooming products used by men "toiletries," they are nevertheless legally classified as cosmetics and, as such, offer the same gambles inherent in the insufficiently tested, undisclosed-ingredient cosmetics offered to women and children.

Therefore, since men are predominately in charge of legislating and administrating in Washington, it is possible that semantics has discouraged the reviews and adjustments that should have kept tabs on any industry trading in products used on and in the human body. If the "three-billion-dollar misunderstanding" lies at least partly in words, Rep. Leonor K. Sullivan (D., Mo.), who has campaigned for new cosmetic legislation since 1953, might have been more effective had she fought for a change in category. While Mrs. Sullivan deserves credit and encouragement for her lonely stand, the cosmetic lobby has effectively blocked any meaningful consumer safeguards.

The Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act of 1938 is a prime example of how lobbyists can convert what was intended as "consumer legislation" into "industry accommodation." As in the sixties, when the thalidomide tragedies spurred drug investigation and legislation, so in the thirties blinding and death from coal-tar substances used in "permanent" hair dyes nudged cosmetic legislation out of committee. It took Congress five years to pass the Act, during which time the toxic dyes continued to be advertised and sold as "The *New* and *Improved* Eye Brow and Eyelash Dye." While Congress haggled over the Act, hair-dye manufacturers insisted that they couldn't produce satisfactory dyes without the admittedly dangerous coal-tar colors. They warned Congress that if hair dyes were not exempted, not only would a thriving business that employed many voters be ruined but the hair-dyeing women of America would storm the Capitol. Congress capitulated and coal-tar hair dyes were exempted from all controls, provided they bore a label warning that the product was not to be used on eyelashes or eyebrows, and that a preliminary test was to be made to determine the user's sensitivity to skin irritation from the ingredients. Apparently ignored was the fact that many of the men and women who dye their hair have the job done in shops where they never see the label, and that it is almost impossible to find a shop that performs a preliminary test before every application, retouching included, which was the intent of the warning on the label.

FDA Deputy Commissioner John L. Harvey explains: "When this provision was written into the cosmetic chapter of the law in 1938, coal-tar-containing hair dyes were recognized as substances that caused a significant number of individuals to become sensitized upon using

the products. Upon repeated use, the sensitized person develops an allergic reaction which may manifest itself in mild skin irritation in the area of the scalp, or in many cases manifests itself as violent irritation accompanied by rash, fever, pustules in the scalp area which may become infected. The person who suffers a severe reaction is seriously ill and may require hospitalization followed by medical treatment for months."

By industry count, 20 million to 30 million women dye their hair. Prompted by industry promotions, an increasing number of men are joining the women. In 1966, Clairol, alone, was reported to have spent more than $25 million to advertise its hair-coloring products; $2,391,000 of this was used to advertise its hair dye for men.

An indication of the rapid rise in the hair-coloring section of the cosmetic industry is the sale of over-the-counter hair-coloring products. In 1966, sales totaled $192,760,000, as compared to $72,210,000 in 1960. Accounting for some of this bonanza are formulas for

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color shampoos and "four- or five-week rinses," which are more often coal-tar dyes than "rinses." Formulas and ingredients for many of the current hair dyes were unknown in 1938 when the industry won its exemption. Although there is growing evidence that a sensitivity test for skin irritation is not sufficient to warn of possible harm and injury, the FDA is powerless to act against suspected dyes. As Mrs. Sullivan has pointed out, the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act is as out of date as the 25c-an-hour minimum wage which was adopted in the same year.

Another industry coup was the exempting of cosmetics from the 1960 Federal Hazardous Substances Labeling Act. The 1960 Act superseded the Federal Caustic Poison Act of 1927, which listed caustic poisons requiring warning labels with emergency antidotes. The 1927 Act, which became out of date with the advent of new detergents, cleaning compounds and chemicals unknown at the time of its passage, *did* include cosmetics. The 1960 Act *exempts* cosmetics; no warning label is now required even though a cosmetic product contains a known poison and may cause death if swallowed. Moreover, the poison in a cosmetic need not be identified or emergency directions given. This means that if a child—or a careless adult—swallows a cosmetic poison, he or she may well be dead before a doctor can be reached, the ingredient identified, and life-saving treatment begun. Despite the incalculable help of local poison control centers, the race too often is needlessly lost.

During the Congressional hearings that preceded the passage of the new Act the FDA and representatives of the industry held that cosmetics should be included under a protective labeling amendment to the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act—not to the Hazardous Substances Labeling Act—although the legislative results would be the same and the Food and Drug Administration would administer the law either way. It was a technical point, the Congressmen were told; no one wanted cosmetics to be listed in both Acts. According to the industry, it wanted only to avoid a form of double jeopardy. Both the FDA and The Toilet Goods Association agreed that the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act should be amended to require proper labeling of hazardous substances in cosmetics. The provision was duly included in the pending new cosmetic legislation—which was subsequently dropped. The cosmetic industry was home free.

Congress also passed the Color Additives Amendment to the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act in 1960, ten years after children had become ill from eating Halloween candy which had been colored with a high concentration of a permitted orange dye. In 1955, children again became ill from eating Halloween popcorn cats colored with the same orange dye; and in December of the same year about 200 people, mostly children, became ill after eating popcorn colored with a permitted red dye which the FDA had tested and certified harmless in 1953.

Following improved modern test procedures, FDA found that seventeen colors formerly thought harmless caused ailments and injuries that included anemia, enlarged spleen, liver damage, stunted growth and cancer, when fed to animals at levels considered appropriate by FDA. Obviously, further legislation was needed.

After five years of legislative jousting through the hearing rooms and in the courts, the Color Additives Amendment was passed. Since the dyes also were used to color drugs and cosmetics, such as the lipstick which women ate along with their lunches, the amendment included drugs and cosmetics. The loudest yells were heard from the lipstick makers. What was Congress trying to do to the industry? It couldn't carry on without those colors. Women would run screaming to Washington. There'd be a black market in lipsticks and all kinds of undesirables would get into the act.

The FDA insisted that the cosmetic manufacturers now had to test their colors. The food and drug makers, who had already been doing some required testing, had survived and flourished. For the first time, a cosmetic manufacturer would have to prove to the FDA's satisfaction that an ingredient was *safe* instead of waiting until the FDA proved it was *unsafe*. It was also the first time since 1938 that cosmetics had been included in any addition to the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act. Although the testing and pre-marketing certification by the FDA applied only to *colors* used in cosmetics, it opened the door to the pre-market testing of cosmetic ingredients in general.

On June 13, 1963, the FDA formally announced its interpretive regulations for cosmetics under the new amendment. Two days later, The Toilet Goods Association and thirty-nine cosmetic companies, which later were joined by a fortieth company, filed a complaint suit in the Federal District Court in New York City against the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare and the Commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration. The TGA, et al., challenged the FDA's interpretation of "color additive," and has pressed its case up to the Supreme Court which sent it back to the Federal District Court for a decision. Although the decision may be known before this article reaches print, there could still be years more of appeals, conferences, postponements and delay before the 1960 amendment is applied to cosmetics. The FDA could have attempted to enforce the law and then fought the industry, but it did not. Meanwhile, the cosmetic industry has gained a seven-year moratorium during which it has been free to continue business as though no law had been passed.

How extensive are the risks? To paraphrase a hair-dye slogan, no one knows for sure because no one has to tell. The cosmetic industry points to billions of sales with what it describes as minimal instances of harm. Government agencies counter by citing harm that has occurred and *may* occur as long as cosmetics can be marketed without required testing.

Although the cosmetic industry protests that the products of the 1930s which contained caustic chemicals and poisons are gone, the 1938 legislation hasn't prevented such periodic shockers as a hair straightener that used lye, a hair dryer with carbon tetrachloride (a potent liver poison) and a cleansing cream colored with "butter yellow," a known cancer-producing chemical. Neither did it prevent wholesale injuries by a number of shampoos, nail-base polishes, plastic nails and a permanent-wave neutralizer.

Famous names as well as obscure "bathtub operators"

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in the cosmetic industry have been involved in marketing potentially injurious products. But unless injury is widespread and reported to the FDA, the general public is unaware of day-to-day reactions suffered by consumers. Often a reaction, injury or disease is not linked to the cosmetic causing it.

"The problem today," according to FDA Assistant Commissioner Winton B. Rankin, "is not so much the products that are known to harm but the cosmetics that are not known to be safe." How much cooperation can the 200 million American consumers expect from the little industry they made big business within one lifetime? One trade source quotes the new executive vice president of The Toilet Goods Association as proclaiming to a recent meeting of the Cosmetic Industry Buyers and Suppliers Association: "Now we are engaged in a great civil strike to determine whether this industry or any other industry may prosper in these United States."

LETTERS *(Continued from page 2)*

tional theme of war and peace ["The Goals of Dissent"; *The Nation,* Dec. 11]. . . . Mr. Grauman is worried about the image presented by the "violent provication," or later the "uncivilized provocations" (which is it; there is a difference you know), of the dissenter. And while he mentions the distortions of the press, I do think he has not gone far enough in this line of reasoning. The Administration knows all about the distortions of the press, knows how to feed into it, knows its value to its own cause. Does Mr. Grauman not think that the Administration iscapable of provoking violence, of even having *agents provocateurs* among the dissenters? . . . I think therefore that the problem of violence is one of informing the American people of who is violent, and I mean violent and not insulting. . . .

Philip Siekevitz

killing the dream

Santa Barbara, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Your editorial ["Grasping at Chaos," Nov. 27] is liberal tunnel vision at its most acute. Who says this nation is committed to integration? The blacks? Have you consulted them? The suburbs, the towns, the overwhelming majority of whites? Where is the evidence of their commitment? It exists only in the dreams of the liberals.

The U.S. Commission on Human Rights concludes: "Underlying these [regressive] private and public actions have been attitudes within the white majority—attitudes based on fear, on racial prejudice, and on a desire for status. While many of these attitudes are not overtly expressed, they are nonetheless real and effective. They have been accompanied by a lack of concern for and a failure to become involved in the problems of the slums."

There's much more of the same, including some useful correctives, from minority spokesmen, for the narrow outlook of liberals complained of in my first sentence.

All that this nation is now committed to, after generations of neglect, is a slightly better deal for blacks, as long as this progress be not too much, too fast, or too costly. Bettering the black condition is a humane impulse and not to be derided. But neither the Commission on Human Rights nor I mistake it for a commitment to integration, and you shouldn't either.

Acknowledging the need for formal separation of the races is to acknowledge national failure. This is especially humiliating to liberals, as your epiphany illustrates. But we ought to learn from our errors, not go on mumbling about them. I do not advocate separatism out of panic but because it seems to me the only method of permitting blacks to become full human beings, not imitation whites, and of averting civil war.

There's the question of time; how long do you counsel the impatient and frustrated black to wait, quiet and tractable, to achieve a state that apparently looks less and less promising to him every moment? And what if the blacks in general are by now convinced that they don't want integration? Do you think we liberals had better inflict it on them just the same?

You and I are aiming at the same thing: dignity, selfhood, justice and freedom for black citizens. To state a complicated proposition simply, you believe that these conditions can somehow be met by more energy and dedication to the liberal vision of an integrated community. I don't think there's a chance of it in the confines of a paternalistic, black-tolerating white community. Our 400 years of overlordship have produced poisons of mind and attitudes impossible to neutralize. Thus I think we must move to more feasible arrangements. I reluctantly conclude that some form of agreed-upon separatism is best. If liberals dislike this suggestion and have a better one, let them report it to the Commission on Human Rights, which seems pretty despairing.

In the meantime, let liberals stand back: they have already been the authors of overmuch black frustration. It is time they stopped inflicting their dreams on blacks and paid attention instead to their needs for self-identification, land reform, management of their own affairs. Among such needs integration does not really figure. *W. H. Ferry*

We sympathize with Mr. Ferry's sense of frustration and despair. And we are indeed, as he says, aiming at the same thing: dignity, selfhood, justice and freedom for black citizens. But we do not share his view of the present situation. Where do we find the commitment to which Mr. Ferry refers? Among other sources, in the Fourteenth Amendment, to which we are irrevocably committed, in a long series of Supreme Court decisions interpreting the enormous affirmations of that great statement, and in a wealth of recent legislation designed to implement these affirmations. We are also committed to integration as a matter of social and educational policy for reasons which have been stated many times, most recently in the Coleman Report. Mr. Ferry is right: we do not acknowledge the need for formal separation of the races nor do we intend to lead or join a retreat back to "separate but equal."

We share his sense of urgency but we do not recall having urged "the impatient and frustrated black to wait, quiet and tractable"; on the contrary we will match our frustration and impatience with his. Do blacks "in general" want integration? We are convinced they do. Perhaps the simplest explanation of our difference with Mr. Ferry, an old and valued friend, is that we attach more importance to social ideals than he does. We would agree with Gunnar Myrdal that "Ideals are important social facts when they are firmly anchored in the hearts of people and become fortified in institutions like the Constitution. . . . The so-called hard-boiled scientists are simply wrong when they try to analyze the causation of social changes without recognizing the fact that people have problems with their consciences which will be disquieting when they are not living up to their ideals." *Editors*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Cool, Courageous and an Excellent Shot

CONSTANCE DE MARKIEVICZ: In the Cause of Ireland. *By Jacqueline Van Voris. University of Massachusetts Press. 384 pp. $7.50.*

SEAN CRONIN
Mr. Cronin is a journalist who has lived in Ireland and the United States, and has written for publications in both countries.

By the ownership of the land and the power of magistracy a small feudal caste controlled Ireland for 300 years. The Protestant landlord Ascendancy class considered itself a foreign garrison in a conquered country. To the tenants, the landlords were despoilers and despots who had seized the lands of Ireland, banished its leaders, proscribed its religion and laws, outlawed its culture and language. Irish history in the 18th and 19th centuries is largely a chronicle of the ferocious struggle between the two classes.

British bayonets sustained the landlord in his privileges. Secret agrarian trade unions and the folk memory of an ancient heritage sustained the tenant in his misery. Revolutionary movements flared, failed, flared again. In fighting landlordism the Irish also were fighting foreign rule. Thus nationalism became a force in Ireland, though it failed to dominate the country in the manner of its chief rivals, British imperial power and the Catholic Church. However, it destroyed landlordism.

That much background is necessary to understand the story of Constance Gore-Booth, daughter of a great landlord family in the west of Ireland. The family seat was at Lissadell. Ben Bulben and Drumcliff churchyard are nearby. William Butler Yeats, grandson of the local rector, and in consequence part of the caste system himself, remembered in a later untranquil year the beauty of Constance and Lissadell.

When long ago I saw her ride
Under Ben Bulben to the meet,
The beauty of her country-side
With all youth's lonely wildness stirred,
She seemed to have grown clean and sweet
Like any rock-bred, sea-borne bird . . .

On St. Patrick's Day 1887, at the age of 19, she made her formal debut by being presented to Queen Victoria. "Constance then was a wild, beautiful girl," Lady Fingall (another member of the Irish aristocracy) recalled. "And all the young men wanted to dance with her. She was lovely and gay and she was the life and soul of any party."

How the society butterfly became a revolutionary and the bitter enemy of her class is told with remarkable understanding in matter-of-fact style by Mrs. Van Voris in this latest—and best—biography of the flamboyant heroine of the 1916 Rising. "The Red Countess," as the sensational English press called her, has found a sympathetic recorder of her worthy deeds.

The transition began with the suffragette cause in the late 1890s when she shocked her family by speaking at public meetings. She had a habit of quoting John Stuart Mill to the effect that the only forcible argument against giving women the vote was that "they did not demand it with sufficient force and noise." Constance added characteristically: "Silence is an evil that can easily be remedied, and the sooner we begin to make a row the better." She continued to make a row in the cause of justice for the rest of her life.

But there was an interlude while she studied art in London and Paris. Count Casimir Dunin-Markievicz, son of a Polish landlord in the Ukraine, was a fellow student on the Left Bank. They fell in love, married, settled in Dublin, and threw themselves into the lively intellectual life of what has come to be called the Irish literary renaissance. The Count wrote plays; the Countess acted. They met Arthur Griffith, leader of a small but vocal group called Sinn Fein, which wanted the Irish members to withdraw from the British House of Commons and meet in Dublin as the Irish parliament, thus establishing *de facto* independence; Bulmer Hobson, of the revolutionary Irish Republican Brotherhood, who helped the Countess found the Fianna, a Boy Scout movement dedicated to militant national ideals; James Larkin, radical labor leader whose creed of industrial unionism led to the general strike and lockout of 1913, and James Connolly, the Socialist who left the stamp of his thinking on her ideals.

She came to know the Dublin of the poor. She collected food and funds for the strikers; cooked and served dinners at Liberty Hall, the union headquarters; wrote letters to the press and addressed meetings; joined the Citizen Army when the workers set up their own defense force, and clashed with Sean O'Casey who disliked her aristocratic air.

During the 1916 Easter Rising the Countess was second in command of a Citizen Army unit at St. Stephen's Green, one of Dublin's main squares; friend and foe agree she was cool, courageous and an excellent shot. After the surrender she was sent to Kilmainham Prison, Ireland's Bastille, to await court-martial and execution. The sentence of death was commuted to penal servitude for life. She was transferred to Aylesbury Prison in England, released in the general amnesty of Christmas, 1917, rearrested five months later in a round-up of rebel leaders, put aboard a gunboat and lodged in London's Holloway Prison. In Prime Minister Lloyd George's "khaki election" of December, 1918, she was the first woman returned to Parliament; but like her fellow Sinn Fein representatives—who swept two-thirds of the Irish seats—she was pledged to an independent Irish parliament in Dublin and would not sit in London. The members not in prison met as Dáil Eireann, the national assembly of Ireland, and elected Eamon De Valera President. A few months later the Countess was released. When De Valera named her minister of labor in his underground executive she became the first woman cabinet member in Western Europe.

Her constituents in the Dublin slums idolized her. "The best and the last of the long fight is before us," she told them during the tumultuous reception following her release from Holloway. "The watchword is organize." Her department operated under the code drawn up as the Democratic Program of the Dáil: "It shall be the first duty of the government of the Republic to make provision for the physical, mental and spiritual well-being of the children, to secure that no child shall suffer hunger or cold from lack of food, clothing, or shelter but that all shall be provided with the means and facilities requisite for their proper education and training as citizens of a free and Gaelic Ireland." Her conception of a free Ireland was "a state run by the Irish people for the people. That means a government that looks after the rights of the people before the rights of property. My idea is the Workers' Republic for which Connolly died."

Meanwhile, Ireland was a battlefield. British troops, tanks and a murder gang disguised as a police force—nicknamed the Black and Tans because of their uniforms—failed to enforce Crown rule

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against an underground government and army that became adept in the use of guerrilla tactics. ("Many of the techniques of Fascist terrorism were developed by the Black and Tans of Ireland," the author notes.) The Countess was arrested again in the summer of 1919 and jailed in Cork for a seditious speech. "This is the most comfortable jail I have been in yet," she wrote her sister Eva. "There's a nice garden full of pinks and you can hear the birds sing." She read a great deal but was often lonely. Her sentence completed, she returned to the barricades, but was forced to go underground as the terror increased. She was seized in September, 1920, following a meeting of the Dáil, lodged in Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, court-martialed and sentenced to two years' hard labor. Kevin Barry, an 18-year-old medical student, and a number of other young men were hanged for treason. Many died on hunger strikes, in street battles and along lonely mountain roads. The jails were full. Then in July, 1921, Lloyd George arranged a truce. The Countess walked out of prison again.

On December 6, 1921, a treaty was signed granting dominion status to the South while retaining the North as part of the United Kingdom: the Irish had won partition not freedom. The Dáil split. The treaty was carried by seven votes. "While Ireland is not free I remain a rebel, unconverted and unconvertible," the Countess told her fellow deputies. She was touring America as the debate on Ireland's status ended in civil war. When she returned in November, 1923, she was arrested, promptly went on a hunger strike, and was released at Christmas.

Now began the painful task of rebuilding the shattered rebel ranks. To those who complained that they were sick of politics the Countess would reply that "politics ought to be nothing more or less than the organization of food, clothes, housing and transit" for the people. And she would quote Eugene Debs: "I would not lead you to freedom, even if I could, for if I could, someone else could as easily lead you back into slavery."

But the fires were going out. Mary Colum, wife of poet Padraic Colum, visited the Countess in 1925: "Her fight, her imprisonments, the prison fare had depleted her and dimmed her personality. . . . She was like an extinct volcano, her former violent self reduced to something burnt out. [She was] haggard and old, dressed in ancient demoded clothes. . . ."

Two years later Constance de Markievicz died at the age of 59 in the public ward of a hospital among the poor. The previous winter had been hard and she had spent it trudging up and down tenement stairs taking fuel and food supplies to the destitute. The authorities banned a lying-in-state at Dublin's City Hall. The military were out in force to stop any demonstrations at the graveyard. Detectives mingled among the mourners. It was a fitting end for a woman who had said of her own haughty family: "I suppose it's very embarrassing to have a relation that gets into jail and fights in revolutions that you are not in sympathy with." The state she had helped bring into being found her revolutionary dedication embarrassing too.

Mrs. Van Voris, who obviously understands the period, moves skillfully through the political thickets. The research is thorough, the errors very minor. She says Tom Clarke, the I.R.B. leader, "had suffered in prison months of solitary confinement": she might have added that he spent more than fifteen years in English jails. Some names are misspelled: Mitchell for Mitchel, Lawler for Lalor, Debbs for Debs. The family name of the Spanish Dukes of Tetuan is O'Donnell not O'Connell; they are not *lineal* descendants of Hugh O'Donnell, the Gaelic chief who rebelled against Elizabeth, and died without issue. The O'Rahilly, a 1916 leader, doubtless was wise and urbane but he was not an "aristocrat" in the usual meaning of that term.

There is one poignant picture. Once a friend entered the Countess' room in the autumn of her life "and found her as no one had ever seen her before, sitting quietly looking out at the rainy twilight with tears running down her cheeks." One wonders was she crying for the world she had lost, or for the world she had failed to win?

The Puzzleheaded Critics

THE PUZZLEHEADED GIRL: Four Novellas. *By Christina Stead. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 255 pp. $6.95.*

FREDERICK H. GARDNER
Mr. Gardner is a free-lance writer.

During the war Christina Stead wrote an autobiographical novel called *For Love Alone*, the story of an Australian girl, Teresa Hawkins, daughter of a preachy, penny-pinching, domineering widower. "I told you I would kill you if you insult me," she reminds him at 19. Instead she flees, following a teacher to England. The teacher turns out to be an egotist. She goes to work for a grain trader named James Quick, a scholarly, gabby Marxist, unloved by his wife, a walker of city streets, a nonstop quoter of poets. He is dazzeled by the girl's hallucinosis and falls in love with her; then she with him. There is a weekend with a friend of Quick's who is leaving to fight in Spain. And then comes fulfilment with Quick himself. It is one of the most beautiful love stories in our language—clean, honest, unsentimental, full of ups and downs, joyous in the end.

In the title story of the present collection Miss Stead describes the girl again, but with a twist. Her visions take on more weight than reality now; the relationship with the Marxist businessman is never consummated and he sticks with his loveless wife; the wraith marries the wrong man and leaves him, saying: "Love! I spit, I spit it out. It was all lies. It kills you. It's to get you. There's no love at all." She wanders off and dies. "She's the ragged wayward heart of woman that doesn't want to be caught and hasn't been caught," someone explains.

"The Puzzleheaded Girl," like *For Love Alone*, has a tone of celebration. Taken together they seem to say that a happy biography is a question of inches. Alone, the new novella tells us that what counts, what is really worth writing about, are the qualities that define us as individuals, win, lose or draw.

The second tale, "The Dianas," also recalls (though less directly) a novel, *Letty Fox, Her Luck*. An American girl named Lydia, bored and aimless in Paris, collects men. "You'll never get married," one gent tells her, "you'll just drift on and on." But the prophecy is untrue, thanks again to external accident: a man comes along who wants her, even though he questions her stability. Until he appears, with one page to go, the description of Lydia's affairs has been slow with detail. Then he proposes—"I've thought about your life and I've made up my mind what I'm going to do"—and Miss Stead squeezes time as though it were a concertina. "Little by little," she ends, "patiently but with determination, he met her old friends, was good to them and discarded them."

Lydia's marriage is the kind of event Randall Jarrell cited when he wrote, in his introduction to *The Man Who Loved Children*: "Christina Stead has an uncanny ability to imagine an event that will be the necessary surprising sum of the events before it . . . a qualitatively different event that at once sums up and contradicts the earlier events and is the beginning of a new series." In this case the marriage is the actual ending. The discarding of the friends could have been

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the stuff of a novel, but what matters about Lydia and her husband occurred at the start of the relationship. We have all we need to understand both the surface and the basis of their experience. To generalize, the difference between Christina Stead's novellas and novels is simply: This truth can be roped off in 36 pages; that one will require more than 500.

None of the contradictory events in her stories involves a sharper turn than one Miss Stead took in her own life. Her first book, *The Salzburg Tales,* was a collection of hallucinations, some funny, some grotesque, all believable (I believe *she* saw these things), all upsetting. Her subsequent involvement in workaday European finance and politics, her long trip to America with her husband, a brilliant expositor of Marx, must have forced the fantast to recede, and the later works contain very few ghost stories. But a tension remains—the outlandish dreamer vs. the social historian giving us the essence of this man, that couple, that movement, that nation, that epoch—and her best prose takes its energy from the conflict. In the volume at hand is a story called "The Right-angled Creek," a recounting of the unhappy tenure of three families—and most vividly the anguish of Laban Davies, a left winger, writer, alcoholic—in a house near New Hope, Pa. The prose in this story is at once rich and precise, particularly the nature writing, luxuriant as that lovely country and ominous as the crack-ups to come:

> This tiny creek first appears as a meander in a wet place, and then as a wallow, where a broad soft meadow declines into swamp, where Sobieski's black and white cattle lounge all day in a hemicycle of trees, till they are called in the evening, Cow, cow, cow, by Sobieski's little boys. Above, it becomes a creek, falling from a series of rocky saucers from which the transparent water drips between banks of poison ivy, elder and tiger lilies. In the saucers are elvers and other small fish; and where the track and the creek together make a rightangled turn and go east, a trickle from the Strassers' rocky infertile ridge has made a deep cut, passing under a strong wooden bridge in which there is a loose plank. This plank is kept loose at one end to tell who is passing: a footstep, *lunk!* a car *lonk-lonk!* It is heard in the daytime in the fields; at night, much louder, it wakes from sleep. . . .

Like Jarrell, who entitled his essay "An Unread Book," every admirer of Christina Stead finds himself pondering her long obscurity. (For someone who is just starting to write it is a devastating fact; it makes you think it's all a lottery.) Jose Yglesias, in these pages, speculated that "because Miss Stead seems so old-fashioned, she doesn't interest the *avant-garde*; because her vision is so radical, she disquiets the mass of readers who are middle class; because she is original and tough-minded, left wingers feel no comfort of recognition."

In the end, of course, it is radicals who should appreciate her, as Engels appreciated Balzac, for sheer accuracy. Why then have they not claimed and celebrated this woman—they claim and celebrate nonentities every week—who is certainly one of the foremost writers of our time and tongue? My guess is that the recognition to which she leads left wingers, far from comforting, is appalling. With few exceptions, the American radicals she presents are hypocritical and incestuous, honey talkers, good livers, enlightened parents of darkly disturbed children. The fourth and last novella in this collection is about a middle-aged man whose hunger is for young girls. It would be a sentimental untruth to say that he is no better, no worse, than most people. Most people don't exonerate themselves quite so glibly.

THE STEWARD

The sixtieth gull.
It begins to rain.
He turns too, in his
White coat, throws
His cigarette into
The sea.
It is time to return
To those who do not
Love him, to babble
Their children
To sleep, to be
Part of the hum
Of the ship's engines.
The nights sail
Away, on the oil
Of manners and charm
But once
They stuffed with wicks
Those white gulls
Of the English Channel
And burned them for
Lamps, when Stuka
Provided the birds
And shore-watchers went
Dizzy. It takes
(This sea where we
Rock) the fieriest
Gulls, and it makes
The Stukas and
Messerschmitts fall
In a mist so thick
Few remember, and it
Gives for a bonus
The calm of white-
Jacketed years.

DAVID RAY

No Right To Be Wrong

THE CONCEPT OF IDEOLOGY: And Other Essays. *By George Lichtheim. Random House. 327 pp. $5.95. Paper $1.95.*

EDWARD T. GARGAN

Mr. Gargan is professor of history at the University of Wisconsin. He is the author of De Tocqueville (*Hillary House*).

In an errata slip provided to reviewers of George Lichtheim's book, Random House states: "Through a publisher's error, the copy on the front of jacket reads 'a distinguished philosopher and social critic,' " This is in error and on all future printings, line will be corrected to read 'a distinguished historian and social critic.' " The writer of the jacket can be forgiven for his error, for Lichtheim does talk and write like a very good philosopher.

The temptation to regard Lichtheim as a philosopher is further encouraged by his suggestion that if sociology and history are to be integrated for the greater understanding of our condition, then this will come about through the use of the common intellectual tools of philosophy. His philosophical approach as critic and reviewer is additionally indicated by the quotation from Hegel he uses to open this collection of essays and reviews. "What is rational is real and what is real is rational," Hegel wrote in the preface to his *Philosophy of Right.* George Lichtheim operates on the conviction that what is real can be known and that its reality is to be understood in terms of the inner logic that governs its existence. Errors in understanding are never for him merely differences in interpretation, but flaws in the reasoning process annihilating the object of understanding and understanding itself.

This standard imposes upon Lichtheim the most severe demands for himself and those who are subject to his critical scrutiny. He is forced by his own rules to come close to the position that error has no rights. This test supports conclusions of Lichtheim that are magisterial in their wisdom and scope; but

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at the same time it encourages his cruel and trivial attacks on those he finds wanting, leaving those who have encountered him bloody and often near death. Such an engagement is compulsively attractive to his readers, but when the blood has dried what was once thought to be tragedy is seen as melodrama, and the cold corpses lying about his collected reviews arouse less interest in the victims than in the kind of man who keeps such a private morgue.

Lichtheim acts on the high premise that the world turns on our correct understanding of the historical process, that our historical consciousness determines our destiny, that "Reason" as an absolute permits us to know and sustain "the enduring realities of human existence." The limits of any argument, any book, are not for him merely the shortcomings of our common condition but disasters to be treated with scorn if they are the results of stupidity, or deserving logical destruction if they are the consequences of perverse ideology. He is, as he has been in his previous studies of Marxism, without mercy for the great disciple-distorters of Marx, of whom he would include as the most grievous sinner, Friedrich Engels. He is a militant opponent of all subjectivism and irrationality, and in keeping with this obligation regards Nietzsche as in no sense a responsible thinker. Kierkegaard and Nietzsche, he insists, have nothing to contribute to our understanding of how history functions. His rejection of Nietzsche is significant because to appreciate this philosopher one must be sympathetic to the doubts about man that tortured this great German. For Lichtheim, a serious thinker may confront difficulties submissive to reason, but a writer ceases to be responsible if anxiety, dread and doubt capture his intelligence.

Lichtheim's confidence in reason makes him a great successor to the *philosophes* of the Enlightenment, but it does not fully explain the anger and violence of his own performance as critic. When he is in agreement with the logic of a thesis he is the best commentator any writer can hope to have. When he declares that C. B. Macpherson's *The Political Theory of Possessive Individualism* has altered for all time our understanding of this subject, he is convincing and makes his own very necessary contribution to political thought and history. When, however, he disagrees with the findings of those he criticizes he becomes untrustworthy.

In discussing John Plamenatz's *Man and Society*, a work involving Hobbes, Locke, the Enlightenment and 19th-century thought, the period of Lichtheim's superb competence, he not only finds the methodology false but he ridicules and demeans the author for his sins against his canons of historical method. He writes that in Plamenatz's book "the French Encyclopedists are not considered at all. Perhaps news of them has not reached Oxford?" In fact the Encyclopedists are briefly noted five times in the course of Plamenatz's work and are cavalierly treated as lacking originality. This is indeed a serious shortcoming; it is due, however, not to the news of their presence not reaching Oxford but rather to a belief that their message, though engagingly announced, was not very new. This is the moment of falsehood or truth that requires examination.

Perhaps George Lichtheim's response to Professor Plamenatz's work is the result of his aversion to those who hold tenured posts in the academic establishment. His criticism changes in tone when he examines the work of men who have moved beyond academia to create statements that are part of the intellectual possession of this generation. When he reviews Karl Löwith's epoch-making *From Hegel to Nietzsche*, Lichtheim generously praises Löwith's work as a major effort within a specific tradition among "educated Germans." Embarrassed, however, by the book's theological center, he judges it faulty in not treating the irrationalism of German political conservatism. This is a true judgment on German political conscious-

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ness, but Löwith addresses himself to the German fixation on problems of the spirit, of transcendence, which equally require illumination and which he successfully exposes with intense lucidity. The quality of that light is not present in Lichtheim's discussion.

Lichtheim's ambivalence toward those who have great stature in the contemporary world becomes clearer when he writes about Jean-Paul Sartre. Throughout his book Lichtheim refers again and again to existentialism as a philosophical "fashion." He begins his consideration of Sartre by characterizing his thought as the most interesting failure in modern French literature, and concludes his essay, centered on Sartre's *Critique de la raison dialectique,* by stating that Sartre's attempt to understand the meaning of history is "breathtaking." Lichtheim does not accept Sartre's view that history and consciousness depend upon man's "choice of being" through man's praxis in history, but he brilliantly highlights the significance of that position and is a great critic when he enables his readers to see why Sartre's *"tour de force* has created a new situation for the philosophy of history: things are never going to be quite the same again." At this point existentialism is no longer a fashion but is in the position to form existence.

When George Lichtheim is writing as historian rather than critic his performance is matchless. This is demonstrated by the long essay that gives this volume its title, *The Concept of Ideology.* Here he examines the development of this concept from its tentative beginnings as a term introduced by Antoine Destutt de Tracy at the end of the 18th century through its transformation by Hegel and Marx, Comte and Durkheim; the efforts of academicians such as Weber and Mannheim to confine ideology within the problems of sociology; the present urgent need to see the history of ideology as focusing all our attention on the problem of history as a "concrete universal" upon whose understanding our destiny hinges. No one has ever in any compass examined this subject with comparable rigor and depth. In this achievement Lichtheim is more than a "distinguished historian"—he is a great one.

Through China's Looking Glass

THE CHINESE MIND. *Edited by Charles A. Moore. East-West Center Press. 402 pp. $9.50.*

CHINESE LOOKING GLASS. *By Dennis Bloodworth. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 432 pp. $6.95.*

CHINA LOOKS AT THE WORLD. *By François Geoffroy-Dechaume. Translated from the French by Jean Stewart. Pantheon Books. 237 pp. $4.95.*

C. P. FITZGERALD
Mr. FitzGerald teaches Far Eastern history at Australian National University. He is the author most recently of Concise History of East Asia *(Praeger).*

These three books, written or edited by an American scholar, an English correspondent, and a French artist respectively, give an interesting cross section of the views on China held in different parts of the Western world. *The Chinese Mind,* edited by the late Charles A. Moore is, it is true, an anthology of contributions by many different scholars, several of whom are themselves Chinese, and were originally given as papers at the four East-West Philosophers Conferences held at the University of Hawaii in 1939, 1949, 1959 and 1964.

Perhaps for this reason there is an inevitable overlap of some of the contributions, especially as they are selected from a period of more than twenty-five years. This is not, therefore, a topical book designed to reveal the mind of contemporary China in any aspect of its bewildering complexity and contradiction: it is devoted to the older philosophy of China, from the earliest times: and many of the contributions give very valuable insights into the development of the Chinese philosophic tradition over the past 2,500 years. A very notable contribution is that of Dr. Hu Shih, "The Scientific Spirit and Method in Chinese Philosophy," which sums up his famous views on this subject, first put forward many years ago in his "Development of the Logical Method in Ancient China." The contribution in the present work is perhaps the last work that Dr. Hu wrote.

For an understanding of the cultural background from which modern Communist China has emerged no book could be better. The main threads of Chinese thought are clearly distinguished and analyzed from the point of view of Western philosophy, and the effects of Buddhism on Chinese thought are closely argued by several of the contributors. It is very clear that the majority of the Chinese philosophers who consider this question hold the opinion that the Buddhist contribution was slight, had less lasting effect than might be supposed, and was largely rejected (in intellectual circles) after the rise of Neo-Confucianism in the 12th century A.D. The Chinese philosophers here represented are in the Great Tradition, and uphold, in modern terms, the value and validity of the essence of Confucian philosophy as presented by Chu Hsi in the late Sung period.

The late E.R. Hughes, an English scholar, is almost alone in standing up for the Buddhist-influenced thinking of the Chinese Middle Ages, from the end of Han to late T'ang (3rd to 9th centuries A.D.). Some of these questions may seem rather more in the field of the professional philosopher than in that of the ordinary reader, but the experts have made consistent efforts to present difficult problems in language as close to that of the layman as the subject permits. On one main conclusion all are agreed: that the underlying principle of all Chinese thinking is Humanistic and not Deistic. From Confucius onward the story is the same; even the Buddhists and Taoists, in many ways teaching doctrines antithetical to the Confucians, are nonetheless deeply influenced by the Chinese humanism. This fact accounts for the decay in China of the metaphysical Buddhist schools of Indian origin and the rise and long continued success of Chinese schools, or Buddhism whose doctrines were more acceptable to the Chinese outlook. Among these was Ch'an or Zen as it is more often called after its Japanese name.

From a historian's point of view it sometimes seems a little surprising to discover that many of the philosophers are still prepared to accept as of very early date some texts which modern scholarship would now assign to later periods. Lao Tzu, the traditional founder of Taoism and alleged author of the *Tao Te Ching,* is not now considered to be a historical personage, nor is the *Tao Te Ching* believed to be a book contemporary with Confucius. Stylistic evidences are strongly against such a conclusion. Perhaps the exact dates, three or four centuries this way or that, of the ancient texts is of less significance from the point of view of their philosophic value than it may be for the historian, but in a history of philosophy, showing the development of ideas as opposed to their intrinsic value or truth, the dates have more importance.

Dr. Moore, in a lucid introduction, defines these problems of Chinese thought and philosophy, giving a very clear and useful list of the main points in which Chinese thinking has diverged from the Western pattern; the dominance of philosophy and ethics over theology and dogma: the unity of philosophy and political thought; the essential belief that the Nature of Man is Good, which lies at the heart of Confucian doctrine—even though one early

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Confucian held the opposite opinion. Original Goodness, rather than Original Sin, is a fundamental difference of approach which shapes all thinking and much ethical and social teaching. It is, for example, evident as a continuing force in the thinking and political experiments of Mao Tse-tung. Only a conviction that man was good by nature could support a program like the Cultural Revolution.

Mr. Bloodworth's book will be a valuable source book for future writers on China and the overseas Chinese. It covers a very wide range, but always with well selected and pertinent citations and examples. Chinese history is touched upon to bring out an abiding trait in the national character, or reaction to circumstances. It is not given in narrative form but used to illuminate the formation of cultural ideals and social practices. There is also a very well-balanced and objective discussion of the social system of old China, and what remains of it (a very great deal) among the overseas Chinese. The lot of women, and how some strong characters escaped it, is matched by a perceptive description of the Chinese woman's great counteroffensive in a male-dominated society; her capture of the home.

The second part of the book increasingly turns to the deep and underlying causes of revolution, and its latest manifestations. China had established a political system and a social structure that had stood many a shock for 2,000 years, but always came back to an even keel. Why it should have suddenly succumbed to the relatively weak pressures and limited assaults of the Western world in the late 19th and early 20th centuries has always demanded full explanation.

Bloodworth sees it, as modern scholars tend to do, as more concerned with processes within China than pressures from without. Until recently we did not understand what was going on in China in the late 18th and 19th century. We saw the situation from our side of the looking glass. Bloodworth makes us see it from the other side, from China looking out.

From this point of view the internal ideological struggle which preceded political revolution was really interested in adaptation, not transformation. It was accepted, unconsciously one might say, that China was, of course, superior. It always had been; any other view was merely capricious and silly. The question was how far new circumstances made the adoption of some foreign techniques, and the adaptation of some Chinese ideas necessary to the accepted, universal purpose—to maintain and restore China's "natural" supremacy. Every Chinese acceptance of some new Western practice or skill, new art or fashion, has always this character, sometimes inconspicuous, often obvious. Western medicine, engineering, science, political ideas, yes; Western art, literature, religion, no. The generalization is sweeping, but the qualifications needed to make it fit the facts are much less so.

It need be no surprise, therefore, that the Communist Revolution, whether political seventeen years ago, or cultural today, has also these characteristics. It is the old debate in a new form. How far is the imported Western idea valuable; how well does it serve China (not the Working Classes of the World); how can it be fitted into basic Chinese values, or modify these values. Those who would have "used Chinese Learning as the base and Western Learning for use" in the 19th century, the revolutionaries of 1911 (who never considered the social system, only the political regime), and the Nationalist-Communist duel all had the same subject for debate, each in their generation; all made the same unquestioned assumption. Western learning, a republic, nationalism or communism were there to solve China's national problem, make it strong once more, and so able to reject or accept what was unnecessary or desirable from the alien world beyond. Liu Shao-ch'i and Mao Tse-tung are still engaged in this essential and unchanging argument, and using the language, updated, which their controversial predecessors employed. "Traitor to China (Han Chien)," cried the old conservatives; "bigoted old scholar," they were answered. "Revisionist" charges Mao Tse-tung—and just what Liu would answer to that is still denied to us since he cannot at the moment make it public.

"Mao Tzu" is Bloodworth's title for his last chapter; giving the present leader the title of Philosopher or Sage, which his early forerunners, Confucius and Mencius, bore. He asks will, 2,000 years hence, the leader of the Cultural Revolution be read as "Mao Tzu" by millions, or will his age be briefly noted as a "period of confusion" between enduring regimes. It seems to many observers that it will in any case be a Chinese solution, and the probable nature of such an outcome can be better assessed by those who have the opportunity to read this understanding book. One small point! Yüan Shih-k'ai was not assassinated; he died "of eating bitterness," as the Chinese put it, in his bed.

Speaking of the warlord period, from 1920 to the outbreak of the Japanese war, M. Geoffroy-Dechaume says: "China was on the eve of one of those great waves of collective emotion which mark her history, and which dialectical materialism has not yet been able to explain." In one sense his book is an attempt to explain this phenomenon,

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Michael Aiken, Louis A. Ferman, and Harold L. Sheppard

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which today is once more so obvious—and so contrary to Marxist dogma.

The author sees the essential problem as tension between Chinese inheritance and modern or Western intrusive ideas and techniques. He is an artist, and the book is an artist's interpretation of the clash between China and the West, seen in terms of cultural rather than political conflict. He points out that as a corollary to the well-known fact that China is more a civilization than a nation—or rather that this was the traditional situation—the Chinese also tend to see the outside world in the same terms: "The Foreign Lands" (*wai kuo*) or more recently "the Imperialist exploiting reactionary regimes." Not as nations with an individuality, even if only a small national territory, but cultural aggregates —new versions of the all-inclusive "barbarians" of the past.

It is a sympathetic book, not unduly distressed by what the author clearly feels are passing manifestations of a cultural contact that must be resolved by the better understanding of China by Westerners, and when this is once more possible, by a greater depth of exploration of Western culture by educated Chinese. When Chinese cease to look upon the West as either an enemy to be rejected or a source of useful techniques to be adopted, real understanding will be easier to achieve. Europeans must, for their part, learn to forget the willow-pattern plate China and recognize one quarter of the human race as fellow men, not as statistics.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

It has all been Americana for me since the 5th of December, Americana of all shades, stripes and shapes.

To begin with, there was Joseph Heller's *We Bombed in New Haven*, done as part of the Yale School of Drama Repertory season. This is young generation Americana, flippantly derisive and at times quite funny. The fun is not as sustained as in the author's novel, *Catch 22*, and is largely visual in the lively production under Larry Arrick's direction. A good team of actors is most helpful, notably Ron Leibman as a humorously atrabilious sergeant and Anthony Holland as one lunatically eager to replace him. The play's general idea is the obscene pointlessness of military routine and action.

The second act gradually turns to pathos. Here the Captain, well played by Stacy Keach, is obliged to send his own son off to be killed in air combat.

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In this play, the men thus condemned to death are chosen and known in advance. None of the play is projected as "realism" but as the presentation by actors presenting themselves as both characters and actors—a device which for the most part succeeds—and is called Pirandellesque by folk who think by tags even when, as in this case, the tag is wholly inappropriate.

Most of the audience felt that the second act was a "let down." I found, on the contrary, that its final scenes gave the play a unity it needed to be something more than a series of gags. The situation of a father being forced to sacrifice his son (a role well played by a student actor, Stephen Mills) is a stereotype, but here it is ingeniously handled. And there is an ironic touch at the last curtain in which Stacy Keach asks the audience to contribute to the Will Rogers Fund for tubercular patients.

Two aspects of the play and production interested me particularly. A theatre audience, I have found, is quite willing and able to leap from high jinks to pathos, with no naturalistic bridge between. It is resilient and will play any game theatre artists have in mind, provided each segment of the piece is well contrived. The fact that many members of the New Haven audience failed to respond to the play's last moments indicates that some impediment prevented them from lending themselves to the play's avowed sentiment.

This leads to the second aspect of the play's "problem." The son asks his father why he hadn't done anything to prevent the war, not just before its outbreak but from the boy's birth. The question, a pointed one, is unanswerable because it is "revolutionary." So revolutionary indeed that it demands an altogether different kind of play. Heller's charade and others of similar caliber, despite their "subversive" intention, don't breach our inertia or awake anything in us beyond a mild assent which is little more than complacency at our own inept liberalism. The day of satire which *hurts* has not yet arrived.

George Kelly's *The Show-Off* (an APA-Phoenix production at the Lyceum) was written in 1924 and represents the Americana of an earlier generation. When I saw it then I was impressed because it seemed to be—and probably was—a shrewd lampoon of American bluff as one knew it at the time. Aubrey Piper, its pivotal character, is a nitwit blow-hard who laughs with mechanical confidence at his own lies, fantasies and boasts, which are echoes of his—the universal—American environment of the day. They are all calculated to make him feel a success. His imbecile self-aggrandizement finally substantiates itself as a reality, as it did in America till there were very few chickens or cars but mostly empty pots and garages.

As a period piece *The Show-Off* is still entertaining in bits and patches, but there are dull stretches between. One factor that makes the play now less than a total success (I do not refer to the box office) is that it is so well carpentered. Every point is so carefully planted, every move so prosaically explained, every consequence so neatly laid out, that we grow tired by the time required for all this lumber to be set in place.

The fact is that realism of this sort is superannuated; it bores. Realism is good theatre today only when it is genuinely perceptive and probing, as it is with the masters. The more commonplace realism can be redeemed only by brilliant acting. The APA production suffers chiefly from a lack of a good Aubrey Piper: an actor who is not a counter for the character but a first-rate comedian who can make you enjoy Piper rather than being embarrassed by him.

Helen Hayes as Piper's mother-in-law is very effective: she knows every trick. She stands out from the context by giving a highly skilled performance of a performance. Between the actor playing the show-off, who should be central rather than an excuse for the show, and Miss Hayes's knockout demonstration, we are no longer in realism at all but in gimcrack theatre. Other members of the company are good and Pamela Payton-Wright as Piper's wife is very good. If everyone were on that level the play as play would fare better.

I do not know Peter DeVries' fictional work except through its dramatizations. *Spofford* (Anta Theatre) is a comedy by Herman Shumlin based on Mr. DeVries' novel, *Reuben, Reuben.* From the evidence of this play and the earlier *Tunnel of Love* I assume that the author is a descendant of an older countryside who is humorously exercised over its transformation into a well-heeled middle class, jazzed up, quasi-educated and, on the whole, foolishly tony exurbanite bedroom town.

The play is affable and smoothly literate. Its dialogue is compounded of that lustrous glue that creates the effect of quietly self-congratulatory sophistication and wit which is associated with the lighter *New Yorker* stories.

Spofford is a 64-year-old chicken farmer who has educated himself by learning a new word every day, to the point of being able to quote Mary McCarthy, dig a pastiche of Dylan Thomas verse, and make offhand jibes at William Faulkner. Spofford, a widower, is surrounded by his illiterate family of primitive country stock and the new-fangled fauna from the city. The latter are rich Republicans, and their wives range from the harmlessly bitchy to the decoratively mediocre. The plot deals with Spofford's efforts to get his college girl granddaughter to marry the scion of one of the "better" families, and incidentally to save himself from marrying his ignorant daughter-in-law's equally ignorant mother. He will probably succeed in his first aim and will undoubtedly fail in his second.

There are tedious moments in the early portions of the play; the latter part has several very funny spots. The whole is intelligently inoffensive and amiable at an equable temperature, like the banter of good-natured folk at a cocktail party where everyone wishes to be brightly pleasant without making any real contact or hurting anyone's feelings.

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good actor, brings off the slight action of the play, and his comments on it (addressed solo to the audience) with genial ease. His part is physically strenuous but otherwise a snap for so accomplished a troupet. I didn't believe his rural accent at first (or anybody else's for that matter), but with the progress of the play either he relaxed or I became used to the Connecticut cracker speech.

The opening section of the play showed strain, perhaps because of the rigid meticulousness of Herman Shumlin's direction which wore off toward the middle of the evening. In this respect the acting—especially apt with Teresa Hughes as Spofford's daughter and Pert Kelton as her mother—should improve with further playing and greater freedom.

How Now, Dow Jones with book by Max Shulman, lyrics by Carolyn Leigh, music by Elmer Bernstein (Lunt-Fontanne Theatre) is musical comedy Americana, concerned as the title indicates, with the stock market and its multitudinous aspirants.

There is not a good tune in it, but for the life of me I can't tell the immense difference between musicals which cause most of my critical colleagues (and consequently much of the audience) to love some and hate others. *The New York Times*, for example, loved *Superman* two years ago, was cordial to *Henry, Sweet Henry* this season, and hated *How Now*. It is true that three different critics were involved but, after all, they are all from *The New York Times*.

I found several laugh-provoking lines in the new show; I thought Brenda Vaccaro sweet and juicy, Anthony Roberts throughly likeable, Marlyn Mason of good voice, nice disposition and well legged, while Hiram Sherman, an actor who never strikes a false note, was impeccable. There are a few cute scenic and choreographic effects and a theme paramount in our way of life: the run for money. What more do you expect nowadays for $9.90: something *great?* Believe me, *How to Succeed in Business*, etc. was much better but not *that* great!

FILMS / Robert Hatch

Considering the sensations that accompanied its publication, the surprising thing about the film version of Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* is that it is so unsensational. That, I think, is because the style and action of the picture are domesticated by exposure on the detective thrillers of television. This work may be more meticulously detailed than the typical half-hour episode, but the tone is so unmistakable as to evoke that slack-minded sprawl on the living room sofa. The cops are quiet-voiced fatalists, weary, baffled by their own decency, dogged. The Clutter family, seen proportionately much more briefly than in Capote's chronicle, is also less righteously domineering. It is precisely the sweet electronic American family, down to the smallest details of curtains, jolly health and dad shaving in the bathroom. The picture is filmed in Hollywood verismo, with rain and wind to supply mood, and the sounds of transportation —trucks, cars, trains and bus terminals —to drive home the credibility. You can watch it secure in the knowledge that you will be scared a little, but hurt not at all, and that soon it will be time for a beer.

That leaves for consideration the great holes in the center of the picture, as it was the great hole in Capote's narrative, the killers themselves. No one has ever been able to explain why we are spending so much time on these two young men; they are achingly dull and the fact that they can also be deadly makes them no more interesting. A defective steering wheel is as arbitrarily lethal. Bonnie and Clyde were also killers, and I have little doubt that they were as stultifying as Dick Hickock and Perry Smith. But in the film they had a terrible style and they acted out something that one knew was in the American blood. *Bonnie and Clyde*, though, was a story; *In Cold Blood* takes great pride in being fact.

But it is "how" fact, with very little "who" and no "why" at all. The film keeps asking why they did it, and comes up with nothing more revealing than a psychiatrist's suggestion that the two boys together formed a third personality who was the real killer. But that takes no great wisdom, since Hickock arranged it that way when he roped Perry into the job. It is one of the heresies of our fragmented era that you learn something by "telling it like it was"; all you are really doing, though, is running the tape through once again. And there is something dubious about the avidity with which we lap up the replay. It's clear enough how Dick and Perry got their kicks; but how are we getting ours?

And I wonder even about the facts. If I remember Capote's text accurately, Perry has been considerably spruced up for the film. It was probably necessary. Any film that hopes to make good on the national circuit must have at least one character we can root for, and since the Clutters are dead, the police are *ex cathedra* and even his mother would scarcely root for Hickock, that leaves Perry to play the good guy. I'm not sure that I fancy spending two and a quarter hours in cinema America only to end up feeling empathy for an aspirin-chewing enigma who is nice to kids and fires off shotguns in the faces of his tied-up victims. Scott Wilson as Hickock and Robert Blake as Perry Smith are as graphically brilliant as everything else in the picture. But as characters they are suspiciously pat: the one a naturally mean coward (he lacks the nerve to kill people in cold blood, and you find yourself despising him on that score); the other a sweet, trusting boy tormented by visions of wayward parents. In the end, one is left, not with a work of art, not with a document but with a cliché. It is an inadequate monument, even to a pair of stupid criminals.

The quartet of young Englishmen chiefly responsible for *Beyond the Fringe* seemed to have every talent required for topical entertainment except that of self-criticism. As a result, their program of barbed and witty skits took an occasional tumble into fatuous dialogue and campy gesture. Now two of them, Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, with director Stanley Donen, have collaborated on *Bedazzled*, which for the most part is an extended tumble.

The film is one of those ventures that rely heavily on humorous costumes and the dropping of famous names. It is also trapped in its formula, the Faust legend, so that Mr. Cook as Satan and Mr. Moore as his client must labor through the catalogue of wishes that lead to the forfeit of the latter's soul, with no belief in the original force of the myth and no energy to play effective contemporary changes upon it. The essence of all seven episodes is precisely the same; only the decor changes, and I found myself ticking them off on my fingers with a view to estimating when I might get home to dinner. Some of the remarks addressed to God struck me as chatty to the point of irreverence, but I am not a regular churchgoer, and will leave the issue of religious decorum to the judgment of the clergy. The attempts at bawdiness were enervated, despite the efforts of two sportive ladies.

It would be wrong to say that *Bedazzled* contains no merriment, but at current admission prices the laughs come at inflated rates.

I had hoped to report on *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, but the first twenty minutes of Stanley Kramer's new family style problem play was so sudsy with meaningful dialogue, semaphoric gestures, eye-popping close-ups, and generally synthetic acting in lush surroundings that I left. It may, of course, have immensely improved, but my ex-

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perience is that movies rarely recover from an initial half hour of hokum. It puzzled me to imagine how the issue of mixed marriage was going to become pressing, since everyone concerned was a Hollywood actor. The threat seemed more one of inbreeding than misalliance.

ART

MAX KOZLOFF

There is a simple and terrifying scene in a classic of cinematic horror, the English *Dead of Night*. A man is tying his tie before a gilded Gothic revival mirror in his moderne apartment. At some unspecified instant before he is aware of it, before even we know precisely what has happened, the situation somehow liquifies and the mirror is reflecting a moldering Victorian interior, tulle-swathed four-poster, flickering tapers. It was with somewhat the same sensation, an illusory, yet grippingly real relocation of time and place, the present dissolved in a nightmare environment of other, alien and dead beings, thwarting even my capacity to look behind, that I was transfixed by the tableaux of Ed Kienholz, which are now lying in homely state at the Washington Gallery of Modern Art.

Though initially one might think it had something in common with waxworks, the medium by which Kienholz transmits such sensations is radically different, except in certain parallels of setting or detail, and perhaps the Guignol effect. Between the mode of waxworks and that of Kienholz lies the opposition of a reconstruction as compared with a re-creation. At Madame Tussaud's, one views a scholarly attempt to get the personage, the scene, "as it was," producing the inadvertent result of horror because so many of the trappings of human life clothe only effigies of human creatures —the habiliments, the circumstances, the cosmetics giving rise all the more to the experience of a moment embalmed. One responds as to a conventionally staged theatre vignette, and judges on the basis of plausibility and naturalness.

With Kienholz's "While Visions of Sugar Plums Danced in Their Heads," however, the simulacra of a tatty 1940's bedroom, its fiberglas denizens coupled in carnal rigor, provides an environment through which we wander to the staticky tunes of its radio, and under the feeble, lace-shrouded lights on the vanity. While the efforts of the wax morticians are devoted to highlighting the bogus "life" of their characters, Kienholz congeals into death an outrageously more real humanity since, for an interval, we partake of it. For this to happen, elements of the scene must be changeable, time must be differentiated, so that the tableau organically *adheres* to our temporal consciousness, rather than being set into it, as with an object requiring more formal viewing. If I muss the rug, recognize a new Pop hit, or notice the mirror reflection of the couple (photo transferred on gelatin), drinking and combing hair, it is only to imprison myself between feelings of something happening now, and of an older occurrence, the shifting materials of memory and sensation so tangibly wearing away my identity in the present that the experience whirls into symbolic decay . . . or rather, emerges as a new kind of dread.

It is this dreadfulness of Kienholz which informs the great tableaux at Washington, etched in even more pungently by their persistent reference to waiting, deterioration and death. Moreover, he has no scruple in equating our intrusion into his realm with voyeurism, so that to witness his work is to be incriminated of prurience. If one looks between the legs of the girl mannikin giving birth ("Birthday"), one is confronted by a mirror; to gain a view of the interior of "State Hospital," one peeks through a small barred window. A price must be paid to examine the alluringly horrid, generally unseen contents of this work. Usually the price is guilt, but the payment may be as little as being physically squeezed through the urine-smelling, coffinlike precinct of "Barney's Beanery" (not in the show).

Dread and guilt may well be complements, but here they serve more as antagonists. Dread has to do with the flesh-crawling intuition of being thrown into a time limbo. The chirping canary in "The Wait" (Whitney Museum) makes an already skeletal old lady, surrounded by the faded bric-a-brac of her cramped life, look like "remains" that indict the mindlessness, but also the tenuousness of the present. (How well Hitchcock explored the pathology of this *momento mori* in *Psycho*.) Guilt, on the other hand, is involved with jimmying open the bad conscience that makes us disdainful of, even as we are drawn to witness, all the prosthetic, illicit underpinnings of a repressive, double-standard society. Kienholz knows that we fear most our loss of integration: he uses dread to attack the self that is conscious, and guilt to menace the self of which it is conscious (to use a formula of Richard Ellman and Charles Feidelson). Dread, therefore, siphons and gets us lost within the work; guilt recoils from the work, as from a predator, forcing, as it does, the realization that we have been hoaxed. This physically inward as opposed to the socially outward drive of a Kienholz tableau is also a correlation of the general condition under which they operate, as compared with the particularities of their format.

At such a point, one might easily consider the product hopelessly disjunctive as a work of art, were it not for a third, all-pervasive, and all-unifying ingredient, revulsion. To be sure, dread and guilt are already concommitants of a certain revulsion but, if so, they may be only mental or emotional. Kienholz generously sees to it that the mental and emotional tie in with the sensory. With inspired nastiness, he accomplishes this mainly through tactility, manipulated as if by diabolical genius. Not only are his textiles stained, filthy, dried out, pilled or unravelled, but his woods and metals and plastics are heat cracked, rusted and shellacked, as if by some unspeakable sexual mucilage. If, at

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times, his objects are coated by a velvety flock, it only connotes dust, or the insides of caskets. But sweaty, rancid or spilled-on surfaces are also the obverse of the stingy, tasteless, synthetic items that once, and still, Kienholz claims, clutter the piggishly littered American interior. Dread is the dream mold of the Kienholz tableau; guilt constitutes its social impact. But revulsion is the motor of its form, not merely the third but the most tangible of his trinity of values. To uphold it, he must forsake any sympathy a spectator might conceivably extend to his vision; and to mobilize it, he must make the objects themselves the target of his rage.

Still and all, the actual experience of these works provides a spectacle problematic in quite another direction: the theatrical. They have the poetics of true scenarios: each, in fact, may be called a situation tragedy. Even the barest of them, "The State (Mental?) Hospital," narrates the "story" of a naked old man, chained to a cot, dying perhaps, and (as Kienholz himself has remarked), getting socked occasionally by a bar of soap wrapped in a towel so it won't show bruises. The latter might be called secondary information, not as visible but on a level with the notes, inscriptions and newspapers planted in the tableaux as fragments of a plot. Kienholz is like a stage designer run amok, dispensing even with actors because *things* tell about the human presence so much more truly and ghoulishly than does action itself. Indeed, in a crucial area, the faces of his people, he articulates by absence: the inmates of "Barney's" have clocks for features (the time, 10:10, provides symbolic eyebrows); the head of the old woman in "The Wait" is a deer skull, and the old man in "The State Hospital" has an aquarium for a head, two black fishes fitfully appearing and disappearing in its murky bowl. It is often said that all these creatures are waiting, "killing" time. Their consciousness of it is either mechanistic or animalistic, but in either case ebbing, or already ebbed.

Like a playwright, and unlike a visual artist, Kienholz applies himself to exploring what is happening in a character's mind. But his means of indicating it are blatantly visual. With naive brilliance, he intrudes one diagrammatic, outsized element, so that it dominates the naturalistic minutiae, and, once seen, makes the composition impossible to imagine—a mere chaos of aggregated miscellany—without it. The old man, for instance, is doubled, he on the upper bunk, haloed by a neon-rimmed cartoon balloon, being only the despairing future of the identical thinker beneath. The lovers in "While Sugar Plums, . . ." etc., have brighter, but more perverse visions of themselves, visible through peepholes located in the gigantic, pink pseudopods terminating their crossed, craning necks. And, with a flourish worthy of Artaud, Kienholz lets explode from a gray-flocked pregnant belly in "Birthday" a host of giant curving plastic arrows that locates all life in a crazed viscera. These monstruous devices are, of course, the most "expressive" features of the Kienholz ménage, partially because they violate his naturalism, and partially, also, because they enhance it. At the same time that they constitute his most daring liberties—so close in spirit to the obscene metaphors in the last section of Van Italie's *America Hurrah*—they are also the most plausible rendering of the cruelty that is his theme. Nothing could be more dramatic, compositionally, and yet nothing could be more effective in showing the triumph of an inner over a material reality. To the dread, guilt and revulsion that already characterize his tableaux, all of them designed to jolt the spectator "out of himself," Kienholz adds elements that anchor him to the individual fate of the created personages.

This last brings up the curious question of the historicity of Kienholz's art, for most of what he shows has occurred in a specific American past: the 1940s—that is, his own West Coast adolescence. It is obvious that he takes a venomous rather than a sentimental view of his nostalgia, that he is almost wreaking vengeance upon the past. But that past—with all its lascivious and hysterical alarms—exists in him still, a cargo which must be disburdened, exorcized. Yet, from an artistic point of view, if it is no accident that his diagrammatic metaphors give to his works their canceled explicitness, his recall lends them their predated durability. It is not style so much at the core of the current thirties revival in painting that intrigues him, but psychosis, stiffened by the violence and war of the forties, that obsesses him. The inverted moralism of his procedure is nothing but the reverse of the promiscuity of the current scene. For that, if for none of his other repellent strategies, New York has not forgiven this Los Angeles artist. (And even the Los Angeles County Museum has not allowed its curator to feature Kienholz at the Venice Bienalle, although he was invited to do so.) Horace Walpole once said that the man who feels will tend to view life as a tragedy; the man who thinks will see it as a comedy. Kienholz, in the end, is a thinking man; but, with final contradiction, his perspective on life is endlessly tragic.

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WATERS

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sudden fierce
waves exhaust themselves
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A rock in a pond;
a fast
splash, and ripples move out
interrupted by weeds.

The lake enormous and calm;
a stone falls;
for an hour the surface
moves, holding to itself the frail

shudders of its skin. Stones
on the dark bottom
make the lake calm,
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DONALD HALL

ART

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